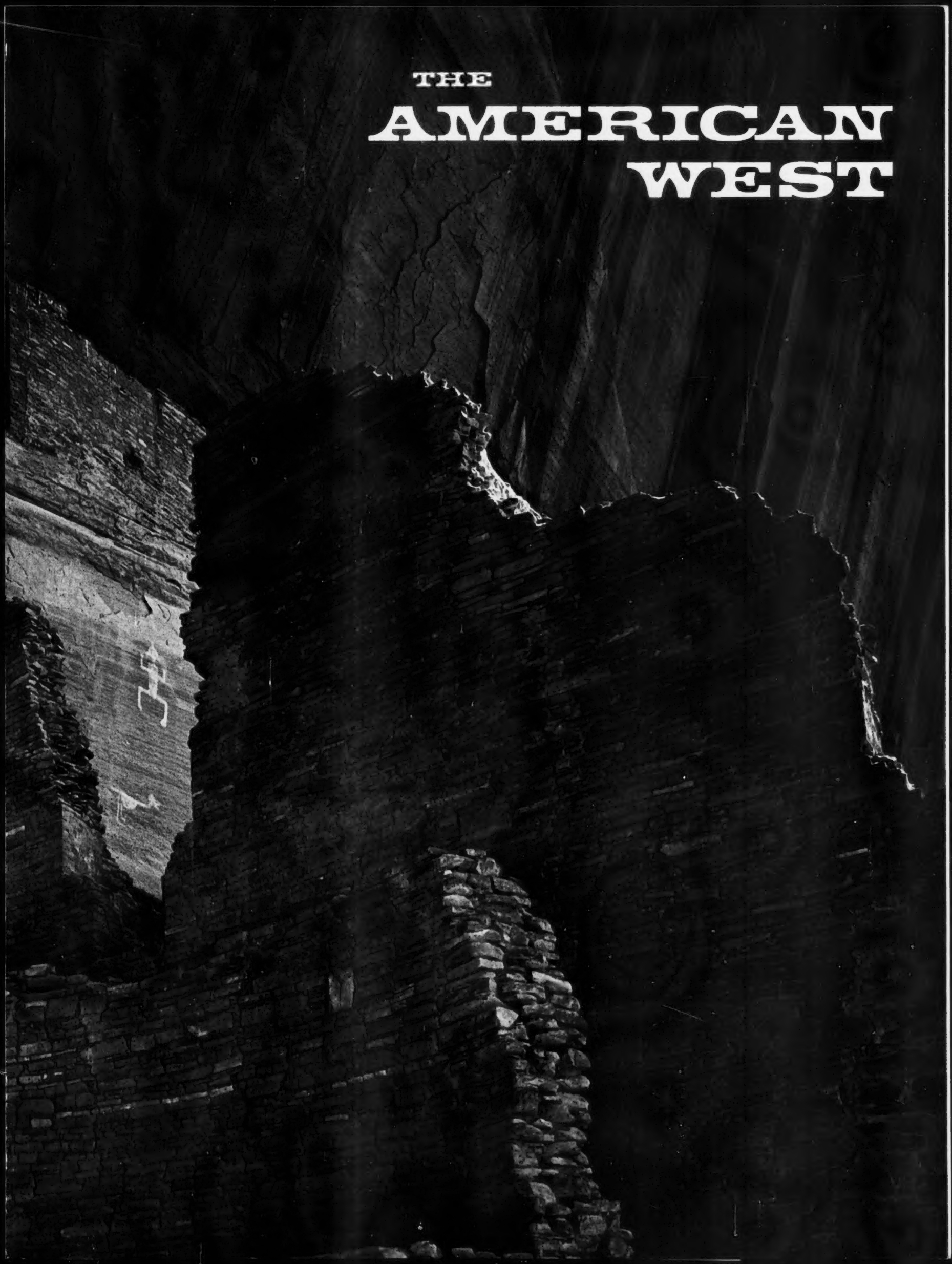
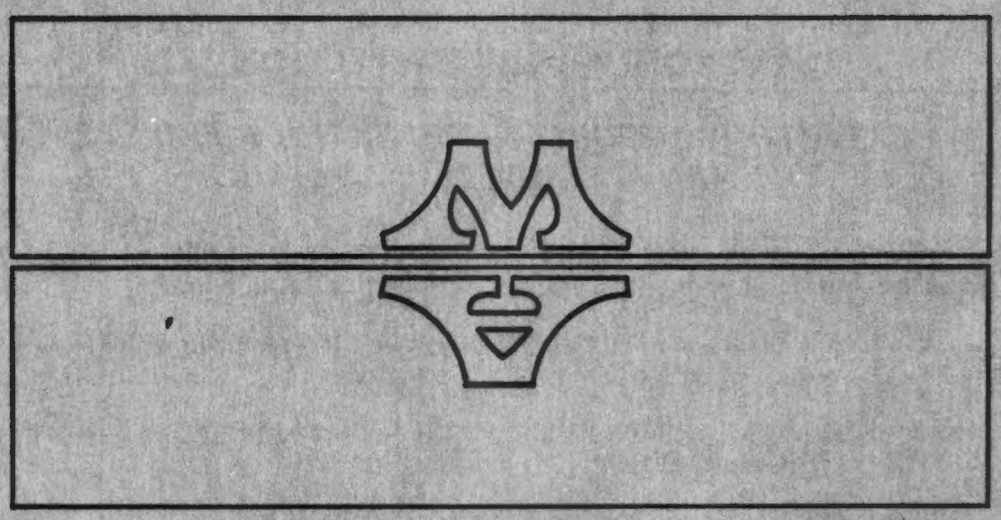
THE AMERICAN WEST



COVER: More eloquent than written records, White House ruin testifies to the creative resourcefulness of a vanished people who sculpted stone apartments two thousand years ago while most other native Americans huddled under fragile shelters of skin and bark. The ancient masons, known as "Anasazi," were agriculturists who enjoyed a peaceful lifestyle until forced out of their homeland by drought or raiders. This view of the ruin in Canyon de Chelly National Monument, Arizona, shows the partially-restored walls of a kiva site. Here the men of the village met socially and performed their religious rituals, and here today visitors can experience both the fleetingness and timelessness of life.

(Photograph by David Muench, from Anasazi: Ancient People of the Rock, *just released by the American West Publishing Company.)*



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KANSAS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Making up in charm for what it lacks in slick sophistication, this bit of photographic humor from the year 1905 represents a railroad publicist's idea of newlywed bliss aboard a Santa Fe tourist sleeper. *A portfolio of related photographs begins on page 32.*

THE
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COURTESY OF MR. AND MRS. J. PHILIP WEYERHAEUSER III

King of All the Mountains

Scaling the heights of mighty Rainier in 1883

by Barbara Young Brackett and Evelyn Hyman King

based on an account by George B. Bayley

ON THE TENTH DAY OF AUGUST, 1883, four men saddled their horses, packed blankets, provisions, and cooking utensils on the backs of pack animals, and set off from Yelm Prairie into the Washington Territory wilderness to climb "the king of all the mountains in the United States," named by the white man Rainier, called by the Indians Tacoma, "the mountain."

One man was Philemon Beecher Van Trump, who in 1870 had climbed that mountain with Gen. Hazard Stevens and

Sanford R. Gifford's 1875 painting of Rainier as viewed from Puget Sound captures the sense of mystery and power that the great mountain projected to early settlers and Indians alike.

left an inscribed brass plate to prove it. Van Trump was forty-five, a homesteader, experienced camper, miner, farmer, and mountain climber.

A second man was James Longmire, who had crossed the plains, staked out his claim to a 640-acre section in Yelm Prairie, fought in the Indian Wars and survived. Above all, he had explored the valleys and blazed the trails leading to the mountain. It was Longmire who had guided Van Trump and Stevens in 1870 as far as Bear Prairie, where he had turned them over to an Indian guide. But in all the thirty years he had lived in the valley he had never climbed the mountain. Now, at the age of sixty-three, he was about to try.

There was young William C. Ewing, the son of Congressman Thomas Ewing of Ohio, who had not yet definitely decided to attempt the whole ascent but was determined to climb as far as he was able.

And there was George Bayley, aged forty-three, born in Boston, a child of New England shipping and trade and culture on both sides of his family. At his birth he represented over two hundred years of life and living in America, all of it in New England. But by the time he was twenty-two he had become a westerner, a San Franciscan, and, in the ensuing twenty years, a highly skilled mountain climber.

George Bayley has left his own account of this, the third ascent of Rainier, the third defiance of Indian tradition that ascent was impossible, the third success with no climbing tools but alpenstocks, hatchet, and rope. The account was published in the short-lived *Overland Monthly* in the issue of September, 1886. Bayley wrote:

As a mountain climber of some experience, I had long felt

This article is adapted from a chapter in What-A-Man-Bayley, *a biography of mountaineer George Bayley now in preparation by Barbara Young Brackett and Evelyn Hyman King.*

The Mountain Named For an Admiral

Reaching to an altitude of 14,410 feet and towering more than half of that height above the skyline of the surrounding Cascade Range, glacier-clad Mount Rainier has long inspired dreamers and attracted adventurers. The mountain made its first appearance in recorded history in May 1792, when it was sighted from the waters of Puget Sound by British Capt. George Vancouver's expedition of discovery. Vancouver himself bestowed the name upon the peak in honor of his portly friend RAdm. Peter Rainier (portrait above).

Although there are fragmentary reports of an attempt to scale Rainier as early as 1852—and even of a successful ascent by unknown persons two years later—the first climb for which much definite information exists was that undertaken on July 10, 1857, by Army Lt. August V. Kautz and four companions from Fort Steilacoom. Leaving his exhausted partners behind, Kautz struggled to within a few hundred feet of the summit before being turned back by darkness.

The first men known to have actually reached the top of Rainier were Gen. Hazard Stevens (son of the Washington Territory's first governor) and Philemon Beecher Van Trump, who together conquered the peak on August 16, 1870. The pair was forced to spend the night in an ice cave atop Rainier, and Van Trump was injured in a fall during the descent.

The second party to reach the summit of Rainier followed the first by just two months; then thirteen years elapsed before the third climb (August 1883) described on these pages. By the turn of the century Rainier National Park had been established and ascents of the mountain were routine events.

For detailed accounts of historic ascents on Rainier, readers can turn to two excellent books: Aubrey L. Haines's *Mountain Fever* (Portland, 1962), and Dee Molenaar's *The Challenge of Rainier* (Seattle, 1971).

the ambition to try the difficulties of Tacoma. The spice of danger is very pungent for the moment, but it leaves a delicious after-taste; and having achieved the summits of a number of western peaks, among them Mounts Whitney, Shasta, Lyell, Dana, Hood, Pike's Peak, Lassen's Butte, and, last though not least, a mountain in the Sierra Nevada named by John Muir and myself the "California Matterhorn" [probably Mount Rogers] I had experienced in none of them except the latter such a real sample of looking destruction in the face as the Swiss climbers seem to number among their everyday experiences. If all accounts were true, Mount Tacoma could afford the only parallel on this continent to Mount Blanc, the Jungfrau, or the Matterhorn; and to it I turned with that eagerness which can best be appreciated by those who have been infected with the same sort of ambition. The trip was regarded by all the neighborhood as foolhardy, if not absolutely impossible. We were told that there was no vestige of a trail, and it was generally predicted that we should be obliged to return before reaching the foot of the mountain. . . . With these discouragements, we were quite prepared for the five days of toil and struggle that followed before reaching the mountain's base.

Bayley's account of those five days is a testament to the endurance and determination of the four men. Of the first day he wrote that they crossed the Nisqually River and traveled for twenty-five miles by a fair wagon road, which ascended to an altitude of eighteen hundred feet and terminated abruptly at Nishawl Prairie. There they spent the night as guests of Henry, a Klickitat Indian who had a sign tacked to the door of his barn warning intruders that spring guns were set to kill anyone who might enter. For two dollars a day Henry was to be their guide to the foot of the mountain—but only to the foot for he feared Takhoma. Henry and Longmire negotiated, using the Chinook jargon, and agreed to follow a route Henry knew of that would cut off thirty miles.

The second day was the beginning of torment and trouble. Bayley's report continues:

On the following morning, the eleventh, we were early in the saddle, and trouble began almost immediately. The woods were on fire around us, and we occasionally found ourselves hemmed in by flame and blinding smoke; smouldering trunks lay across the trail, and half-burned stumps left treacherous pitfalls in our way. Nests of yellowjackets were met with every few hundred yards, their revengeful inmates swarming out upon us with relentless fury. The horses were stung to frenzy, and snorted, kicked, and finally stampeded in reckless madness, until brought to a standstill by a barrier of logs, where they crowded together, trembling with terror. Nor was this a temporary experience, but was repeated at intervals of ten minutes throughout the day. . . . By dint of a vigorous use of the axe in clearing the trail, we reached the Mishawl River, a distance of five miles, in four hours. . . . Four hours more of vigorous work took us six miles farther, to a small brook running into the Nisqually, and by nightfall we had traveled seventeen miles from Nishawl Prairie, and gladly pitched our camp on a grassy bar of the main Nis-

qually. . . . No sooner had we unpacked our animals than we were assailed by myriads of small black gnats and ravenous mosquitoes. The gnats were simply irresistible; one could not breathe without inhaling them; they buried themelves in one's flesh, burning like so many coals of fire; they got into every article of food, without however, improving its flavor; they swam in the tea in such quantities that it became a nauseating puree of gnat, and in fact made life quite unendurable; while the mosquitoes stung and poisoned every exposed portion of our bodies. We annointed ourselves with mud, buried our heads in our blankets, and tried to snatch a little sleep, but all to no purpose. The gnats crawled down our backs, filled our hair and ears, eyes and noses; and, in short, made us so utterly wretched that not one of us closed our eyes in slumber the whole night through. This was a poor preparation for the fatigues and hardships of the following day, but we were destined to suffer the same sleepless torture for some succeeding nights before escaping to the upper region of frost and snow.

The third day was like the second. The yellowjackets were painfully present. The forest grew denser. The axe was the climbers' only weapon. By three o'clock they had reached Silver Creek, fifteen miles from their last camp, and at six they made camp for the night at Copper Creek, five miles farther. The exhausted men were denied sleep by the gnats, more numerous, if possible, than the previous night.

On the fourth day, they followed the route of the foaming Nisqually, but at times they were forced to leave the river and cut their way through the forest. They succeeded in getting fifteen miles farther. That night they camped near an extensive, agreeable-tasting series of soda and iron springs. The barometer showed an altitude of 4,650 feet, although the men were scarcely conscious of having reached so great an elevation, as there was but little change in the character of the vegetation or the temperature.

The fifth day exalted them:

Just as we were about mounting for the day's journey, the pall of dense smoke that had overhung the whole country for two months lifted for a few moments, as if to revive our dejected spirits, giving us our first inspiring view of Mount Tacoma, standing out before us in clear outline, every detail distinctly marked, and bearing almost exactly northeast by compass from our position.

ALL THAT MORNING the men followed the Nisqually River. Four miles from the soda springs, Longmire pointed out a blaze mark on one of the trees as the point where General Stevens and Van Trump had left the Nisqually for Bear Prairie in 1870. Should they go that way, difficult but known, or should they follow Indian Henry's urging that they trust him to find an easier, shorter way? They entrusted themselves to Henry and an hour before midday arrived at the foot of the great Nisqually Glacier, an abrupt wall of ice five hundred feet high, filling the valley from side to side. Here the river

COLLECTION OF EVELYN HYMAN KING

George Bayley, Mountaineer

George B. Bayley (1840–94), presented here through his own account of his first trip to the summit of Mount Rainier, was one of the outstanding mountain climbers of his time. Born in Boston and reared in its vicinity, he went to sea in his youth, then settled in California a decade after the Gold Rush. He soon set a pattern of going to the Yosemite every summer to explore the valley and surrounding peaks.

At twenty-seven he married Gertrude K. Arthur. The couple's unique honeymoon was an expedition to the Yosemite on which both achieved records as being the first up several pinnacles. Bayley and another climber also hold the record for first reaching the summit of "inaccessible" Mount Starr King. And with Mrs. Bayley along again he discovered what is now called Rainbow Falls.

Inevitably, Bayley met John Muir and they shared their interests in exploring, observing, and conserving. They made a number of lengthy trips together, including visits to the King's River Canyon, to Mono Lake, and to the top of Mount Whitney. Following his friend's example, Muir also climbed Mount Rainier in 1888. Bayley's name appears among the many whom Muir enlisted to sign the agreement to form the Sierra Club and among the few who signed its articles of incorporation in 1892.

In that same year Bayley made his final dramatic climb to the north peak of Mount Rainier, nearly losing his life in a two-thousand-foot plunge down a slope to the bottom of a crevasse. The following year he was instrumental in putting before Congress a proposal for a national park that would include Mount Rainier.

He did not live to see the park become a reality. In 1894, after years of defying death on mountain precipices, Bayley was killed in an elevator accident in his place of business in San Francisco.

BOTH PAGES, LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

George Bayley and his companions carried no cameras on their 1883 ascent of Rainier, but climbing techniques were still much the same when these photographs (halves of stereoptican views) were made soon after the turn of the century. Here a party approaches the mountain from the south.

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After unluckily pitching the luncheon bivouac over a nest of hornets, the men resaddled their animals and drove them up the trail with difficulty. They emerged on a plateau of gently rolling ground from which was unfolded a superb panorama of the mountain. Bayley described it:

The canon of the Cowlitz, with its great glacier, lay to our right; the Nisqually glacier with its many tributaries to our left, and before us the long, sinuous, ragged ridge by which we knew lay our only hope of ascent. We were really only at the foot of the mountain, and thanks to Henry's sagacity had reached exactly the proper point, by the most direct and easiest possible route. Van Trump recognized his position and the route of approach which he and Stevens had followed from Bear Prairie, and realized the great distance that we had saved. Our way now led us through rich grassy meadows, with snowbanks jutting into them like headlands in an emerald ocean, fragrant flowers, of loveliest hue, were growing right up to the edges of the snow, and the whole scene was one of enchantment.

Across this meadow we rode for four miles, now floundering in snow, and at the next step rioting in a wilderness of flowers, coming finally to a steep, icy acclivity; ascending which, we came upon the last vestige of timber, a few stunted, gnarled, and stormbeaten balsam fir. A few steps away lay a little gem of a meadow, some fifty feet in diameter, almost surrounded by snow, with a pretty little rivulet of ice cold water trickling through it.

The meadow was strewn with varieties of wildflowers and here, at 8,200 feet, the men made their camp—the final camp to include saddle horses. The men slept well for the first time in days and rose to prepare for climbing in earnest. They turned the saddle animals loose and lightly loaded the pack horses with equipment and provisions for two days.

They traveled this way for four miles of snow but at last reached a point where the pack animals would have to be left with Henry, of whom Bayley wrote:

Henry, who had not spoken a word the entire day, and had looked as blue as possible, here made a last persuasive appeal to Longmire not to persist in his foolish attempt to scale the mountain. . . . He said we should never get back alive, if we succeeded in reaching the top; while if we were permitted to go part way by the spirit who dwelt at the summit, we should return maimed for life. He doubtless felt as he spoke, and parted from us in a most dejected frame of mind, as he turned to go back with the horses.

The foot climb began:

Shouldering our packs, which were apportioned to give about twenty-five pounds to each, we traveled in an easterly direction over the snow for about three miles, when we came to a narrow ridge of burnt and blackened rock, running north and south. All about us, to the right and to the left, were vast and terrible defiles, and before us, connected with the rock on which we stood by a steep and narrow neck, lay the last thin backbone of columnar basalt, leading directly to the summit dome of the leviathan of mountains. Beyond this point it was impossible to find a spot sufficiently level to lie down and pass the night, and as it was late in the afternoon we prepared to camp.

We lighted a fire with the few sticks of wood we brought, and prepared a place to sleep by throwing out the rocks, and making holes large enough for each to lie in. Our altitude here was about 11,300 feet; the wind was blowing strongly from the north-west; and the thermometer at sundown marked 34° F. We felt this sudden change of temperature keenly on account

Above the timberline now and at an altitude of more than seven thousand feet, the climbers pause to gaze back at the cloud-filled valleys of the Tatoosh Range from atop McClure Rock. They are following the "Gibraltar Route," roughly the same course taken by Bayley's party.

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The noises all night from the grinding of the glaciers was terrific. Avalanches of snow and ice from the sides of the gorges fell with a sullen crash, and every puff of wind brought showers of stones from the tops of the crumbling cliffs to the glacier; while above all other sounds could be heard the deep boom of the boulders rushing along the rock-bound channel underneath the glacier. The mountain seemed to be cracking and groaning, and one could almost fancy that at times it gave a mighty shudder, as if to free itself from its icy shackles.

No pen can picture the fascination of these weird sights and sounds. It was only after many hours that tired nature asserted herself, and closed the senses in sleep.

We awoke next morning, the seventh day out, August 16, at four o'clock, pretty well rested, although we had suffered somewhat from the cold. . . . Springing from our blankets, we soon had a fire started, breakfast prepared, and by five o'clock we were ready for the final ascent.

We hoped to be able to reach the summit and return to our lofty camp by nightfall; but still we feared the worst, and made what little preparation we could toward passing the night on the summit. It was out of the question to think of burdening ourselves with blankets, as they impeded our climbing, but we took a little food with us. Unfortunately, a bottle of alcohol, with which we expected to be able to make hot tea or soup on the summit, though carried by Van Trump with the greatest care, was broken at our last horse camp; and when that accident occurred, I threw aside as useless the spirit lamp, a tin cup, and a jar of Leibig's meat extract—not thinking of the possibility of our finding a natural steam-heating apparatus and only having in view the necessity of lightening our load. Besides, we were certain that with so early a start from so high an altitude, we should be able to return to camp again that night. I carried one hundred feet of new manila rope; Van Trump, a hatchet and a six foot flag-staff, hewn from a dead fir; Longmire, the whisky flask; and Mr. Ewing brought up the rear with the barometer.

Starting off briskly across some three hundred yards of hard snow, we were soon climbing a black ridge of loose rock, standing at an angle of forty degrees, and requiring most dextrous and active use of hands and feet. Two hundred feet of this sort of climbing inspired Mr. Ewing with the discovery that he preferred to return to camp and watch our attempt, so the barometer was transferred to Van Trump, and we left him behind. Ascending a few hundred feet farther over the crumbling rocks, which were loosened by every step, we found ourselves forced by the increasing steepness of the ridge and the volleys of stones at short range, to the edge of the glacier. This was no better. The ice lay at a frightful angle—a single misstep would have hurled us thousands of feet. We were three hours cutting some two hundred steps in the ice, a task of which we relieved each other at frequent intervals. At the end of that time we were again able to take to the rocky ridge, and held to it for over an hour, when we were forced to resume our ice-chopping at the edge of the glacier, and for some time we alternated between ice steps and steep and dangerous scrambling over the loosened rocks on the side of the adjacent ridge. Ten o'clock brought us to the point of its junction with the vast **mer de glace** that swept downward in an unbroken sheet from the summit of the mountain. Looking downward from here, the great Nisqually glacier appeared to be flowing directly below us, in a due south-east direction. The debris from the ridge on which we stood went down to meet it at an angle of nearly sixty degrees, occasionally breaking off in a sheer precipice, as the

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Starting off briskly across some three hundred yards of hard snow, we were soon climbing a black ridge of loose rock, standing at an angle of forty degrees, and requiring most dextrous and active use of hands and feet. Two hundred feet of this sort of climbing inspired Mr. Ewing with the discovery that he preferred to return to camp and watch our attempt, so the barometer was transferred to Van Trump, and we left him behind. Ascending a few hundred feet farther over the crumbling rocks, which were loosened by every step, we found ourselves forced by the increasing steepness of the ridge and the volleys of stones at short range, to the edge of the glacier. This was no better. The ice lay at a frightful angle—a single misstep would have hurled us thousands of feet. We were three hours cutting some two hundred steps in the ice, a task of which we relieved each other at frequent intervals. At the end of that time we were again able to take to the rocky ridge, and held to it for over an hour, when we were forced to resume our ice-chopping at the edge of the glacier, and for some time we alternated between ice steps and steep and dangerous scrambling over the loosened rocks on the side of the adjacent ridge. Ten o'clock brought us to the point of its junction with the vast **mer de glace** that swept downward in an unbroken sheet from the summit of the mountain. Looking downward from here, the great Nisqually glacier appeared to be flowing directly below us, in a due south-east direction. The debris from the ridge on which we stood went down to meet it at an angle of nearly sixty degrees, occasionally breaking off in a sheer precipice, as the

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Unless we could succeed in crawling around the face of this precipice, all further progress was at an end, as there were nothing but yawning chasms below us on either side of the knife ridge, reaching down hundreds of feet to glaciers on both sides; and to have scaled the face of the wall in front of us would have been useless as it was impossible, for we should have to descend again to proceed on our way. To add to our discomfiture, while we were deliberating, an avalanche of stones and dirt came over the cliff from its top, covering the head of the glacier, and loosening from the foot of the cliff tons of debris, which went booming down the icy slopes with a sound like the roar of thunder.

I ran ahead as fast as I could, crawling on all fours over the dizzy knife edge, till I came squarely up against the cliff, where to my great joy, I found a narrow ledge some four feet wide, on the face of the cliff, apparently leading around to the head of the Nisqually glacier. I shouted for my companions to follow, as the way was clear, and without waiting for them, crept on along the ledge some two hundred feet, where I found progress barred by an immense icicle, which had formed from dripping water from the top of the cliff. When the others came up with the hatchet, we soon cut a hole through the icicle, and in ten minutes more of sharp work, clinging in mid air to the side of the cliff with fingers and toes, and painfully crawling past critical points of danger, we were at the head of the glacier, which here became a steep gutter of green ice.

We had barely congratulated ourselves upon having safely run the gauntlet, when another furious shower of stones came over the cliff, falling but a few feet behind us, while a few came directly down the ice gutter, warning us that the sooner we were out of that locality, the better would be our chances for preserving whole limbs. There was no way for it but to follow up the gutter of ice; and for three quarters of an hour we experienced the severest and most perilous work of the ascent. Let the reader imagine the shady side of the steepest gothic roof he has ever seen, covered with hard, slippery ice, unsoftened by the sun, and prolonged for hundreds of feet above, and thousands of feet below, and he will have a fair idea of the situation. Every step had to be carefully selected and well chopped out of the ice. The consequences of a slip here may be readily imagined; it meant a swift slide of a thousand feet or more into the yawning jaws of a beautiful green and blue crevasse, which we had admired from the knife-edge ridge.

Laboriously and slowly carving our way up the gutter, at twelve o'clock we reached the broad stretch of billowy snow that swept unbroken to the summit, apparently within easy reach. For hours we had been looking forward to this snowfield, with pleasant anticipation of rest and relief from hard climbing. We expected to make rapid headway, and reckoned on skipping along to the summit in a few moments; but, on the contrary, we found it about the most fatiguing part of the day's work. The snow was frozen into ice-waves, running across the face of the mountain, and resembled a heavy chop sea,

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Thus far on our ascent, the mountain had sheltered us from a furious gale of wind blowing from the north, which here assailed us with such force that with the greatest difficulty we accomplished the remainder of the distance, and at 3:30 P.M. planted our flag on the topmost crest, in the face of the bitterly cold blast.

In addition to planting a flag on the summit, the men left a brass plate in the crater inscribed with their names. On a subsequent climb in 1892 they searched for it but found that a climber had stolen it a few weeks before.

Bayley continued his description:

The narrow ridge upon which we stood was the dividing line between two craters, nearly circular, opening out to the east and to the west, their rims inclining from each other at an angle of about fifteen degrees. The western crater, the larger of the two, was some four hundred yards in diameter, and filled with snow up to within sixty feet of its rocky edges. Occasional small jets of steam, issuing from the base of its ragged walls, gave evidence of former volcanic activity. We could look down into the other and slightly smaller crater, also, whose rocky walls, like those of its neighbor, stood out bare and distinct above the snow throughout their entire periphery. Jets of steam were rising from this one also at various places.

By the time we had explored both craters, another hour had passed, and all thought of descending the mountain that night had to be abandoned. Indeed, had we turned back the moment we reached the top, it would have been impossible, before the darkness overtook us to pass under the perilous cliff, where even now we could see showers of stones flying down to the glacier below; and the attempt must have proven fatal. The only thing that could be done was to seek some sheltered nook, and pass the night as best we could.

To pass the time till dark, a suggestion was made to scale the north peak of the mountain, about a mile away; but the steadily increasing wind admonished us that we had better not run the risk of being blown over the narrow ridge by which lay our only path to the peak.

After a long search, Van Trump finally found the ice-cave where General Stevens and himself had found shelter for the night in 1870; but alas! The roof had melted away, leaving only a circular well in the ice some six or eight feet in depth, and about eighteen feet in diameter. From a small and irregular hole in the center issued a scalding jet of steam about the size of one's little finger, around which still remained the loose rocks piled up by the last tenants of this rude hostelry.

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The long night at last wore away, and by morning we were fairly cooked by the steam. We could face it but a few moments at a time, and when we turned around, our clothing was instantly frozen to sheets of ice. . . .

At six the next morning, August 17th, we shivered about the steam jet, and discussed plans for the descent. The thermometer indicated sixteen degrees, and the wind was blowing at the rate of one hundred miles an hour, and shifting to the southwest, with strong indications of snow. . . .

Dreading a storm, we decided not to wait for the wind to subside, and at seven o'clock left our friendly steam jet and started on the descent. Scarcely were we outside the cavern before our clothing was frozen solid, and we were hurled with great violence upon our faces. Staggering and crawling along upon our hands and feet, we managed to reach the western rim of the large crater, where we found a partial shelter from the force of the gale behind some large rocks, which allowed us to take our breath—but so benumbed with cold as to be scarcely able to grasp our alpenstocks. . . . I started . . . along the rim of the crater.

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Following our trail of the day before, we sprang from crest to crest with accelerating pace, momentarily cheered by the fast increasing warmth of the sun. Ten o'clock brought us to the ice gutter at the head of the glacier, where we used the rope to good advantage. Two of us were lowered the rope's length at a time, while the last man lowered himself by doubling the rope over projecting knobs of ice, and so getting down half the rope's length at a time. The high cliff was passed safely, although volleys of rocks fell on our path immediately after we had gone by.

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At three we resumed the downward march, and almost instantly were enveloped in a dense fog, which seemed to come from nowhere, but to form about us out of a clear sky. Luckily, the sun had not quite obliterated our tracks in the snow, and by the closest attention we groped our way down the mountain. . . .

By five in the afternoon they reached their base camp at the snow line.

An unbroken stillness and solitude reigned in camp. Neither Henry nor the horses could be seen or heard. The tent was found more carefully stretched than when the party left it, a trench had been dug about it, the provisions and camp equipage had been piled and covered in the center of the tent, and at either end a scarecrow, or rather scarewolf, had been improvised—the large, fresh tracks of a wolf had been noticed on the snow not far from camp. All these preparations indicated that the Indian had made a movement not on the programme of the white man. Later in the evening, after much whooping and several revolver shots by one of the party, who had gone some distance down the slope, Henry made his appearance, and proceeded to explain—with a preliminary ejaculation of his relief from a grave responsibility. He had concluded that the party had been lost on the mountain, and he had put their house (tent) in order, removed the horses to good pasturage below, had moved his "ictas" (personal effects) to that point, provided himself with a few days' rations, and on the morrow had intended to start for home, to relate to their friends the supposed tragic fate of the mountaineers. It had been a sad and mournful business for him, but his joy at our return was as genuine as his surprise, and we doubted if he really believed that we had reached the top at all.

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SIX MINUTES THAT CHANGED HISTORY

Brief but decisive, the 1759 battle between British and French armies on Quebec's Plains of Abraham sealed the fate of half a continent

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

A key moment in the Battle of Quebec: the wounding of the English commander, James Wolfe.

by William D. Ellis

The citadel of Quebec ("place where the waters narrow") on the St. Lawrence seems far removed from the American West, but the battle that raged there two hundred and fifteen years ago was pivotal to western history. Until 1759 the Gibraltar-like fortress's control of North American water routes had been so complete that French cartographers drew New France to include territory from the Appalachians to the Rockies. Then came Wolfe—and the fall of New France.

"THEY SAY HE IS QUITE MAD, GENERAL," Major Chevalier Johnstone said to M. le Marquis Louis Montcalm. Not seeming to hear, the handsome general stared down from the ramparts of Quebec at a chip of wood in the St. Lawrence River which he knew was the thirty-gun English sloop HMS *Terror of France*. The glass did not bring it much closer. From the Quebec heights, one looked *down* on clouds. When the cloud veil parted, the marquis could see the backs of flying birds which appeared larger than the enemy ships below them.

"I said, General, they say—"

"Yes. Mad. And he is. And *that* is the worry."

The major laughed, but the marquis did not. "Major, madness is what succeeds—in this."

Montcalm, being a successful general, recognized this requirement in another. He knew what French victory at Oswego in 1756 had cost him, and Ticonderoga in 1758, and the touch of madness required to win.

Down below, looking up at him he knew, was a brilliant madman. Less experienced than he, perhaps more mad. He had heard as much from angry English defectors, and from his own friends in France. But he put more store in the conduct he had personally observed.

This was James Wolfe's second season at trying to take Quebec. Montcalm knew the outrageous losses Wolfe had already accepted. Wolfe must take Quebec in the short warm season. If he failed to get either inside Quebec City or out of the St. Lawrence before the fall freeze, his ships would be ice-locked and Montcalm would harvest the British army like a crop of clover. Now there were only days left before the freeze. Wolfe would have to make his next move quickly if he was going to make it. And Montcalm knew that Wolfe would take the most reckless chance rather "than go back to England's William Pitt and report a failure." Wolfe had been given every strength England could supply to take Quebec. Because Quebec was the key to half the continent. As Gibraltar controlled the Mediterranean, the rock fortress on the St. Lawrence bottlenecked mid North America.

Montcalm had watched Wolfe scout the shoreline for eighty miles looking for some slightest possible new weakness to attack. He had watched Wolfe repeatedly assault the Quebec shore and fall back with tremendous losses, as high as 430 deaths per attempt without killing a single Frenchman. Quebec was nature's fort, a solid ninety-degree granite escarpment topped by man-made ramparts and flanked by two unfordable rivers, the St. Lawrence to the southeast and the St. Charles to the north.

Montcalm had watched Wolfe attack at dawn, at high noon, in the evening, in the middle of the night—always accepting murderous fire. He had watched Wolfe feint to the upstream side of Quebec and attack the downstream side, then feint downstream and attack upstream. He had watched Wolfe's boats disappear far upstream looking for a weakness week after week, in daylight and darkness.

FAR BELOW the awesome fortified heights Wolfe was ill, sick with fever and failure. The young commander's fishbelly white complexion contrasted starkly with his red hair tied behind in a short queue. Bulging blue eyes and a seriously undershot jaw and scathing sarcasm repelled his top staff daily. Youthful arrogance (he was only thirty-two) was exceeded only by unforgivably profane ambition. Wolfe's relations with his regimental commanders had grown so bad that now all of his orders were transmitted by writing. Most of the time he sat alone in his quarters reading poetry and writing puritanical rules of military conduct.

Wolfe's leadership ability rested on a single characteristic: awesome courage. He threw himself recklessly into the assault wave, a man inviting glory or death.

Gnawing at him now was a dispatch from his naval commander, Vice-Admiral Charles Saunders, reminding him that the ships could only wait a few more days. To make the eight-hundred-league run to the open sea before the ice locked in his majesty's thirty ships, the admiral would pull anchor, leaving Wolfe's regiments here to certain starvation and ultimate massacre at the hands of 9,000 well-fed French troops.

Wolfe had started with 8,500 men. By September 1759 his adjutant reported 4,423 effectives left. His field hospitals overflowed with sick and wounded. His cemetery had a full platoon working to camouflage it from the French Indian scouts.

Wolfe himself lay sweating on his bed while the surgeon general ministered to his fever and bled him several more pints for his kidney trouble. He had commanded the surgeon to make him fit by tomorrow. Time was short and he had decided on his plan. It was a scheme he would have dismissed scathingly as recently as a week before, but now he was a general down to his last chance.

Wolfe had long known of a narrow cleft in the cliff face a mile and a half upstream from Quebec. It was distinguished from other such faults by a little heavier vegetation, grown tough from fighting for a root-hold in the rock face. From a defected French priest, Wolfe learned that this place at Anse au Foulon was defended by Canadian troops of low morale commanded by a Captain de Vergor who had been tried for cowardice at the surrender at Beausejour. De Vergor's company had replaced a superb company which had been positioned there personally by Montcalm. The switch had been made by a high-ranking civilian.

This vertical cleft was blocked here and there by fallen trees, but the informer said there had once been a slippery, near-impassable footpath zig-zagging up the cliff under the foliage. The only chance for ascent would be on a dark night, and even then early detection by the enemy was possible because French boats patrolled the Canadian shore in close all night. And twelve French army tents were visible at the top of the cliff.

Wolfe took his regimental brigade and regimental commanders on a daylight reconnaissance of the possible landing site. High above, a French officer sent a message to Montcalm's headquarters to report that he was now seeing through the glass a large group of English officers embarking in landing boats. They were disguised as grenadiers but had not bothered to button their coats over braided tunics. And one wore a blue surtout with much gold lace.

To avoid having the three reconnaissance boats stand off

This article is adapted from material in Land of the Inland Seas: The Historic and Beautiful Great Lakes Country *by William D. Ellis, to be published in the fall of this year by the American West Publishing Company.*

CULVER PICTURES

French Lt. Gen. Louis Joseph, Marquis de Montcalm-Gozon—gallant, courageous, and an experienced veteran.

the particular spot, Wolfe caused them to be rowed many miles upstream and to float back down, then upstream and down. This ploy went on for days, exhausting the oarsmen—and also the French troops atop the escarpment who marched and countermarched parallel to the river, keeping the boats under observation. This continued until September 10, on which date Wolfe received notice from Admiral Saunders that the fleet must now pull out. Ice skim was already reported downstream (the St. Lawrence flows sharply north) off Saguenay.

Wolfe ordered himself rowed out to the flagship. He told Saunders he couldn't believe the navy would jeopardize the whole campaign for North America for the sake of a few more days which is how he, Wolfe, would have to report it. Saunders explained he couldn't risk the largest squadron of the king's navy for the sake of a few more failures, which is how he would have to report it.

Wolfe explained that he was ready to strike the winning blow. He would make a show of sending landing boats far upstream in daylight. In the dark they would come about and float back downstream to Anse au Foulon. Wolfe would send 150 picked men up the cleft first. If they could make it and hold once they gained the top, then the entire command would follow. Saunders was to create a great noisy diversion downstream of Quebec.

If the first 150 men could not make it to the top of the escarpment, Wolfe would withdraw, load the whole force on the ships and pull out in defeat.

Saunders agreed.

Up on the heights, Montcalm watched and waited. He knew there was activity in Wolfe's camp.

The Marquis de Vaudreuil, governor of Canada, interpreted the English reconnaissance activity in the river as a prelude to withdrawal, an indication that "their grand designs have failed." Vaudreuil constantly interfered with the military and with such poor judgment that the professional officers were terrified lest one time Montcalm couldn't dissuade him from his suicidal orders.

Montcalm knew his tireless English enemy's hunger for victory required the strictest French alert. In addition to all regular intelligence sources, Montcalm received daily reports from an officer in charge of ten canoes of Indians who silently patrolled the enemy shore each night.

The French general never relaxed his alert. A letter of September 2 found by author Christopher Hibbert shows, for example: "The night is dark, raining. Have ordered all of the tented troops to sleep fully dressed. I am in my boots; my horses are saddled. This is my usual way. I have not taken off my clothes since June 23."

Bougainville, one of Montcalm's generals commanding three thousand troops, had instructions to watch the enemy's every move. "M. Wolfe is just the man to double back in the night."

ON THE TWELFTH DAY OF SEPTEMBER, the English let the French see them move up-river a large convoy of landing boats and two transport ships of reserves.

At two o'clock the following morning, the first boats were drifting back downstream. The wind was behind them and an ebb tide ran at three knots. Boathandlers dipped an oar only occasionally to square up in the current.

A second wave of boats followed at short interval. A half hour behind these, armed sloops pulled anchor.

There was no moon. The men in the lead boat squinted in their efforts to detect shore sentries. Suddenly a voice bounced off the water, "Qui vive?"

The Englishmen froze on their muskets. Then a young officer, Simon Frazer of the 78th Highlanders, stood up and yelled, "France! Et vive le roi!"

"A quel regiment?"

"De la Reine!"

"Pourquoi est-ce que vous ne parlez plus haut?"

"Tais-toi! Nous serons extendus!"

The boats floated on toward the Anse au Foulon. In minutes the lead boat was within dim view of the landing, where the

base of a tree flares out a little. But there was a slather of noise as a shore sentry slid down part of the escarpment, demanding the password.

This time Captain Donald MacDonald, also of the 78th, called back in French, "Provision boats! Don't make such a bloody racket. The damned English will hear!"

The sentry passed them on.

At the Anse the jutting land swirled the current out to midstream. On orders the oarsmen now pulled against the offshore thrust, but they overshot slightly as they beached. Captain Delaune and Frazer and MacDonald leaped ashore and led the stealthy rush to the base of the cliff.

Very early in the rush were senior officers Wolfe, Isaac Barre, and Harvey Smith. They looked up the cliff face through the gloom, shocked. Wolfe was heard to mutter, "I don't think we can by any possible means get up here, but we must use . . ."

They signaled each other silent. There were no shots. It was just after four o'clock. Then they heard the rumble of gunfire from Admiral Saunders' downstream diversion at Pointe Aux Peres. Men started scrambling up the cliff, grabbing at bushes for handholds.

MacDonald and Delaune made it to the top. This let the twenty-two men just below them know at least that it was humanly possible. MacDonald moved quietly toward the cluster of tents on the top. Suddenly he and Delaune froze. They were being challenged in French.

Answering in the same imperious whisper, MacDonald said he was sent to relieve the post. He ordered the sentry to go back and tell the duty officer to call off the other men on the cliff top.

The sentry took a few precious moments to consider this. The dialog gave the other twenty-two men time to reach the top.

No one has apparently recorded who fired first, but Captain Vergor's camp was suddenly alive with musketry. Vergor himself fell, hit in the ankle. The rest of the company guard, not knowing the enemy so far numbered only twenty-four, fled in confusion.

Wolfe and others waiting at the bottom heard the shots and expected the worst. Then came a yell in English, "Come on!" Wolfe ordered the second wave out of the boats and up the cliff.

A courageous French corporal from Vergor's company had assembled a few Frenchmen and was directing a heavy fire down the cliff. But in the dark they hit only three climbers.

Wolfe threw his sick body against the cliff and began a frenzied ascent. Weak from days of bloodletting, he pulled himself from bush to bush in the greatest physical effort of his life. Around him the cliff was alive with scrambling men and clattering gear. Men slipped, slid down, caught hold, scrambled back up, their boots pushing rocks into the faces of men below who cursed "that red-headed jackass, probably asleep in his bloody bunk back on the ship."

Silence was long since broken. Get to the top before the handful up there get overpowered; before the whole French army wakes up. They must be awake already. Frenchmen must be rushing to preassigned posts.

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

British Maj. Gen. James Wolfe—youthful, brilliant, and driven by ruthless ambition.

Perhaps they would be drawn to the decoy firing downstream at Pointe Aux Peres. Admiral Saunders' English naval guns were bombarding the French Beauport coast. Wolfe's reserves were also staging a vast play-acting scene. The cast consisted of hospital cases embarking in attack landing boats, over-illuminated by fires on the east shore. Cooks on the shore were also firing into the air. Would Montcalm realize that all this was fiction? Would he look elsewhere for the real attack?

French shore batteries retaliated downstream. The sky there was illuminated by exploding powder. The noise was stupefying. Were Montcalm's batteries instructed to pretend they believed Saunders' staging?

From the base of Anse au Foulon, empty attack landing boats returned to transport ships for more men. Others crossed the river to pick up Col. Ralph Burton's shore-based troops.

Confusion on the face of the cliff was staggering. Four thousand eight hundred Englishmen were in motion. By five

MABEL BRADY GARVAN COLLECTION, YALE UNIVERSITY ART GALLERY

An old engraving showing the sequence of events at Quebec on September 13, 1759: British boats landing at Anse au Foulon, troops scaling the cliff, and the fateful battle on the Plains of Abraham.

o'clock the cliff had been stripped bare of bushes. The sparse soil was scraped off. Men desperately clung to hand holes in the layered rock which crumbled and dropped them. As they arrived at the top, some English soldiers were taken for the enemy and fired upon in the terrifying confusion.

Night was fading as the last troops scrambled over the top of the escarpment looking for their sergeants. In the gray half-light Wolfe strained his eyes toward the great fortification. On the downstream side of him stretched the broad Plains of Abraham—undefended, except for a French mortar battery which was beginning to find their range. Wolfe saw that Col. William Howe's light infantry was already forming up in battle ranks. He ordered Howe to dispatch a platoon to silence the mortar battery.

On orders, Wolfe's units were forming in parade-ground ranks out of the confusion. Then they moved inland to Sillery Road, crossed it, and marched straight across the width of the Plains until they came to Ste. Foye Road, which their commanders correctly identified although they had never before seen it. Here the ranks wheeled to face east, the walls of Quebec.

English troops now stretched across the Plains of Abraham between the river and Ste. Foye Road in a line parallel to the Quebec wall, three-quarters of a mile to their front. The half-mile front stretched units thin, into ranks two men deep. Now they moved forward another hundred yards, perfecting alignment and straining to see in what formation the French units would pour out of the two huge gates of Quebec.

Rain began.

AT HALF PAST SIX a Frenchman who had been gazing out of a hospital window on the St. Charles River broke in on Governor General Vaudreuil, "English have landed!" Minutes later, a straggler from Vergor's guard company panted in with confirmation.

The governor general, as if not comprehending how close the action was, sat down before his writing desk and composed a long letter to Gen. Louis-Antoine de Bougainville at Cap Rouge, telling him to come and concluding with the observation that "it seems quite certain the enemy has landed at the Anse au Foulon."

Montcalm, fatigued from inspecting posts all night, was returning from the decoy action downstream with two officers when they were intercepted with news of the Foulon landing. Montcalm at first assumed that Foulon was a counterfeint and the main attack would still come downstream. But as he reached the shore of the St. Charles River near Vaudreuil's house, he changed his mind. In the distance he could vaguely see the thin but unmistakable red line of British tunics stretched across the Plain.

The English troops stood motionless in the rain, Highland pipers playing a challenge.

"C'est serieux," Montcalm murmured to Chevalier Johnstone. He sent Johnstone to order troops from Beauport to the St. Charles River and to summon twenty-five field pieces into position.

The English had gained a tremendous opening advantage. It would take all of Montcalm's generalship to dislodge them. He sat calmly astride his horse, developing his plans and sending officers off to execute them.

Soon the heavy guns of Quebec were dropping shot among the British units. Montcalm assembled his top staff. The question was: to attack now before the field pieces are ready and before Bougainville's troops and other support arrive . . . or . . . wait, allowing the British forces two hours in which they may drag heavy guns up the cliff and dig in defensively?

Montcalm's officers were devoted to him. They unanimously reported that it would normally be shrewder to await reinforcements—but if they did now, it would give the governor general time to intervene with some inept command that could get them all killed. Montcalm agreed.

He had readily available only five regiments of regulars for France's most pivotal North American battle. The remaining available forces consisted of Canadians and Indians, courageous and tough but untrained for a formal battle like this one would be. If only the Canadians could have kept up an alert watch a few more days, Wolfe would have had to withdraw to beat the ice. But . . .

Montcalm rode his black mount out in front of his line of troops. He raised his sword so high his wide sleeve fell to the elbow, revealing his white linen shirt like a beacon in the gray light—and helping his regiments line up.

All that was best in Montcalm showed that morning as he rode along the front of his line, encouraging and preparing his men. He knew they were tired from standing on alert in trenches along the cliff all night. He called out, "Estes-vous prepares, mes enfants?"

Cheers roared back and he smiled. Many veterans of this battle told how great a general Montcalm was that morning in his green and gold uniform, the cross of St. Louis shining above his sword belt.

The French general continued his ride along his front even though preliminary action was starting on the flanks, and some in the middle of the Plain. Quebec's guns were lobbing shot among the British troops who now largely dropped to their bellies to make poorer targets and gain cover among the scrub brush and tall grass covering the prairie. On the left flank several squads under Colonel Townshend drove French troops out of a house to prevent enfilade fire. The French, observing this, burned some other houses to prevent English soldiers from occupying them as strongholds. Wolfe's men had hoisted two brass guns up the cliff. Now these were answering Quebec's fire. On both flanks forward scouts were closing.

The level of gunfire crackling was rising, but Wolfe held steady—waiting. He was pale, but "surveying the enemy with a countenance radiant beyond description," said one veteran later. A French fragment dropped a captain standing beside him. With unprecedented tenderness Wolfe knelt over the captain, holding up his head and promising promotion when he recovered. To be sure it would happen in case he himself died, he sent his aid, Mouckton, to the rear to write up the order for signature immediately.

A flying fragment shredded tendons in Wolfe's wrist. Calmly he ordered Mouckton to bind it up. The story grapevined down the front line, starting a new legend.

Wolfe also walked his front line. Another shell exploded in front of the English commander, ricocheting a small fragment into his belly below the belt. He stumbled, recovered, and took up position on the right wing between the 28th Regiment and the Grenadiers, bleeding from the wrist and abdomen, waiting for the French to attack.

Nearly at ten o'clock a detail of English light infantry probed at the French center along Sillery Road, which bisected both opposing lines. The French fired on them and the English fell back apparently in bad disorder, yelling as if panicked. The act was so realistic Wolfe had to assure the rank behind him it was a trick to make the French attack prematurely.

No sooner said than the entire French line advanced, slowly at first, gray, white, and blue uniforms with bayonets fixed. They were six deep, deeper in the center.

The center advanced with deliberate professionalism across the six-hundred-yard no-man's land. They were in close rank, no more than four feet between files, a wall of advancing Frenchmen. Except for the distant large guns, and a hollow-sounding French drum counting out the cadence, the advance was ominously silent. The sun came out. The English troops rose from their bellies and stood braced.

The next few minutes would be fateful ones for history.

The Indians and Canadians on the French flanks were the first to break step. They began firing as soon as they came in range, then dropped into the grass, reloaded, then advanced again, firing. At a hundred fifty yards the French regulars fired. Balls screamed through the British line. A few fell.

"Hold your fi-ah!"

As British soldiers fell, the French attackers let out yells, quickening their advance and the firing. More gaps appeared in the red line.

"Hold fire! Hold your fire!"

BOTH PAGES: CULVER PICTURES

In the heat of battle Wolfe fell with a bullet in the chest. Although inaccurate as to details, this engraving based on Benjamin West's famous painting suggests the drama of the young general's dying moments.

The French line had drawn so close the bristling Englishmen could count their adversaries' ammunition pouches. They still stood silent, fingers on triggers, praying for the order to fire.

"Hold fire!"

The French continued on, firing at will, closing the gap to eighty yards—fifty—forty-five, thinning the red line.

Wolfe personally issued the order. "Fire!" It was echoed by officers across the front. "Fire!"

THE VOLLEY WAS SO SIMULTANEOUS a French survivor reported it appeared as a line of light a half-mile wide flashing out from the center. The volley laid smoke in front of the British. But they could hear the agony of the French wounded through the cloud. The British line reloaded in cadence and in synchronization fired into the smoke. Again the simultaneous shots hit the French like a huge fist.

Right out of the drill manual the British line advanced twenty paces while reloading, halted, fired. From this position they fired at will until the smoke rose. When it lifted the British troops were as awestruck as their opponents as they gazed at a horrifying scene. French wounded and dying writhed in every conceivable position of agony.

Behind the decimated front French ranks, the reserves stood in stunned horror. A few began running for the Quebec wall. The British continued firing for a matter of seconds, desultorily and without spirit. The pitiful field hollowed even the senior British veterans.

"Charge!" It was Wolfe. Unit commanders relayed the command, "Charge!"

The British advanced with bayonets. The Royal Rousillon French regiment made a gallant stand, but was able to hold less than two minutes.

The kilted Scottish Highlanders had more heart for the butcherous pursuit. Charging through writhing wounded, they dogged the retreating French effectives, abandoning their muskets to better wield broadswords. Brave Canadian snipers were able to drop some Highlanders and British.

Wolfe was wounded again slightly. But he was leading the Grenadiers and 28th Regiment in the charge.

The next few minutes of the charge are confused. But a

Only minutes after his adversary was struck, Montcalm also sustained a fatal wound. This engraving, remarkable for its similarity to that appearing opposite, expresses French sentiment for the fallen defender of Quebec.

bullet caught Wolfe through the chest, dropping him to his knees. Blood gushed out his mouth, and he had to ask a lieutenant to stand him up so the troops would not know.

After the action many veterans claimed to have carried Wolfe off the field. Strongest evidence is that Lieutenant Brown of the Grenadiers and an unidentified officer and two soldiers came to his side. Brown sent for the surgeon. Wolfe said, "No need. It's over with me." When the surgeon arrived, the general said, "Lay me down. I'm suffocating."

Henderson later wrote home, "Then I opened his Breast, And Found his Shirt full of Blood At Which he Smiled. And When he seen the Distress I was in, My Dear, he said, Don't Grive for me, I shall be Happy In a Few Minutes. Take care Your Self As I see your wounded. but Tell me O tell me How Goes the Battle.

"Just then came some Officers Who told him that . . . our troops was pursuin them to the Walls. . . . He smiled."

As the retreat reached the St. Charles River, two hundred gallant Canadians succeeded in holding off nearly a thousand British troops, allowing French regulars to withdraw across a pontoon bridge. The British attack, so emphatically victorious, now lost all discipline as redcoats pursued French soldiers on an individual basis.

Gen. James Murray, hearing Wolfe was in a bad way and Townshend dead, assumed command and struggled for order. Townshend was in fact alive and he came forward, also fighting for order. Together they got enough units realigned to scare off Bougainville's cavalry which had begun counter-attacking from the inland flank.

Pushed back in retreat, Montcalm took a shell fragment in the chest. He asked two soldiers to hold him up in the saddle.

At four o'clock the next morning, Montcalm died.

At dawn the British flag went up on the Citadel, Quebec. Britain commanded the entrance to Canada. The rest would fall. A half continent had changed hands. Wolfe did not live to hear history call his the most fateful victory of the eighteenth century.

William D. Ellis *is a magazine and television scriptwriter, as well as an author of several books. Each of his three novels on the Old Northwest*—The Bounty Lands, Jonathan Blair: Bounty Lands Lawyer, *and* The Brooks Legend—*was for several months on the* New York Times *and other best-seller lists.*

THE OLD SHIP SALOON

"A Door in Her Bow Admitted the Thirsty"

by David A. Hull

MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS of wind and rain have conspired to erase the lettering on the sides of a three-story red brick building at the northeast corner of Pacific and Battery streets, on the fringe of San Francisco's glass-and-steel financial district. But, with scrutiny, the words can still be made out: "Old Ship Saloon Henry Klee." This faded lettering is among the last authentic reminders of a lusty and colorful era—of fighting, loving, venturing and adventuring—on San Francisco's once infamous waterfront.

The story opens with the year and the event that first made the world aware of San Francisco: the Gold Rush of 1849. On December 17 of that year, the 627-ton wooden ship *Arkansas*—one of 777 vessels making a similar passage—sailed through the Golden Gate after a voyage of nearly six months. An old newspaper article recalls the specifics of her cargo: "One hundred and seven souls constituted the living freight of the *Arkansas,* besides a crew of sixteen others, when she sailed from New York on the 26th of June, 1849, for this glittering but distant land of gold. . . ."

But after successfully navigating the dangers of Cape Horn and the long, open ocean, the ship was nearly lost in San Francisco Bay. She anchored "off the south side of Alcatraz Island. The wind, which was from the southward, freshened and her anchor dragged. The passengers became badly frightened and the crew rushed forward to let go another anchor, [but] the chain fouled in the windlass and the vessel drifted onto Alcatraz stern foremost. In a short time the wind blew her broadside on, and there she thumped all night long. About daybreak it was discovered that the ship was taking water fast, and two pumps were rigged and set to work. . . . As the morning advanced the wind died away calm and she was hauled off on the flood tide, and towed up by means of a whaleboat to where her bones now lie, on a line with the street."

When the builders of the *Arkansas* launched her into the New Orleans trade in 1833, they could never have anticipated the character she would eventually assume. Stripped of masts and rigging, with her 145-foot hull grounded on the San Francisco mudflats alongside the boardwalk of the Pacific Street extension and her bow nudging the pilings of Battery Street, the once proud vessel now began a new career as a warehouse (or if you please, storeship), while "her forecastle was used as a tavern. A door cut in the bluff of her bow admitted the thirsty."

Even among jaded Argonauts the Old Ship (as she soon became known), was a subject of peculiar interest. "In three paces you step from the street into her *Forecastle*—in such a situation certainly a very great curiosity," marveled one writer of the day. By 1856 the tavern had prospered sufficiently to allow a branch store. But no wonder, for the ale served on draught therein was "the *True Burton,* unequalled in the city, whilst the Liquors are the purest and best."

An 1882 article in the *Alta California* chronicles a subsequent and near-terminal, episode in the career of the Old Ship: "A hotel was finally built [on pilings] over her and she was ultimately sold . . . to be broken up without disturbing the hotel. Unfortunately the ex-judge who was superintending the breaking up of the vessel let her float late one night, when she raised up under the ground floor of the hotel, and there was a young earthquake among the lodgers that night."

The establishment referred to was the United States Hotel, and the "young earthquake" apparently resulted in the hotel's premature condemnation and demolition. But the *Arkansas* herself was still not quite done. The *Alta California* article reports that the ship "had to be scuttled and sunk again, and if we mistake not, the quarterdeck and other portions of her are still there." The reporter was quite right, for an 1889 news item tells us that "the ship's timbers, uncovered a few days ago by the tearing down of the rookeries on the north side of Pacific Street between Battery and Front, are those of the ship *Arkansas*. . . . When the Chicago Hotel on Pacific Street was built the old hulk was cut to pieces and sold for firewood, leaving only a portion of the stern, the timbers of which have now been uncovered."

The Chicago Hotel that rose in the place of the Old Ship

THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY

No views of The Old Ship Saloon have been found, but several other beached vessels also were employed as buildings in early San Francisco, and these two were sketched by English visitor Francis Marryat in 1849. Both apparently burned in 1851.

was a not inconsiderable lodging, with three floors and numerous rooms, and by 1867 with even a free coach for the guests. The fortunes of the hotel, having come to an early maturity, declined slowly over the years. Various owners attempted rejuvenation. By the 1890s, when San Francisco was the largest whaling port in the world, the Chicago had become a favored lodging place for whalemen. One account of the day suggests that this establishment may have even hosted the notorious practice of shanghaiing. The hotel's last appearance in the city telephone directory was in 1905. In the June 1906 edition no Chicago Hotel was listed—in between had come the great earthquake.

It was several years before 1906 that Henry Klee—a dealer in liquors—appeared on the scene and opened a shop next to the Chicago Hotel. Knowledge of the Old Ship had persisted and must have been, in fact, rather fresh from the uncovering of the ship's stern. After the earthquake, when Klee opened a saloon in his new red brick building on the corner, the choice of a name was obvious. The Old Ship Saloon appeared in the city's directories from 1912 to 1914.

With the passing of years the character of the district changed and the building fell to other uses, her colorful origins seemingly forgotten. But not in the memory of Captain Fred K. Klebingat, one of the few men alive today who has earned a living under sail as well as steam. It was Captain Klebingat who, while revisiting old haunts in about 1960, recognized the faded lettering and reported to the director of the San Francisco Maritime Museum that "the Old Ship still stands." So launched, the captain's memory retrieves vividly life on the waterfront before 1915: "If you wanted to ship in the *Coos Bay*—the wooden *Coos Bay*—you'd better stay with Henry Klee in the Old Ship Saloon and boarding house at the foot of Pacific. And if you wanted to ship in the *Falls of Clyde*, you'd better stay there too, because the pumpman, Emil Dorsch, stayed there. . . ."

The persistence of the Old Ship's spirit is a cause for wonder: the stranded *Arkansas* leaving her salt-water home and becoming "a landlubber until, at last, like vessels of human mold, she has returned to ashes," but not before stubbornly reclaiming her integrity by refloating at the moment of destruction; the reappearance of her moldering bones decades later; and finally, Henry Klee's brick reincarnation of the snug fo'c'sle tavern on the same site.

Even now her spirit lives on. In mid-1974, 125 years after the *Arkansas* grounded alongside the Pacific Street wharf, some of the flavor and tradition of these early years will resurface when, in that same old brick building there will open a barroom and eatery named the "Old Ship Saloon."

David A. Hull *is librarian for the San Francisco Maritime Museum and an enthusiast in the field of maritime history.*

ALASKA HISTORICAL LIBRARY

Elizabeth Wrangel, an aristocrat of Russian America.

WOMEN AND CULTURE IN RUSSIAN AMERICA

NATALYA ALEXYEVNA SHELEKHOV arrived in Russian America in 1784 as the wife of Gregory Shelekhov, Siberian fur merchant. Member of a leading family from Irkutsk, she represented the aristocracy of Catherine the Great's new Russia, among whom extravagant habits and westernized culture were popular. Clever, ambitious, self-confident, willing to take risks not even her husband dared, she combined the audacity of her Siberian forebears with the refined manipulative skills of St. Petereburg's nobility. At a time when other women of her class danced at magnificent balls, philosophized at French-like *salons,* and attended theater performances, concerts, court receptions, and card parties, Natalya chose to endure a months-long crossing of rugged Siberia and three thousand miles of storm-tossed, uncharted seas to step ashore on Kodiak Island—the first white woman in the North Pacific.

In every conceivable way Natalya contrasted with the native women she met in Russian America. They were the products of an ancient culture which had been modified by forty years of hard labor, starvation, and brutality imposed by Russian fur hunters—the legendary *promyshlenniki*—who plundered the rocky northern shores for the coveted sea otter. Such native women had come to play an important role in the unfolding patterns of promyshlenniki life. Natalya, too—along with those who followed her across the vast Siberian wilderness to this remote land—was destined to play a part in the formation of a Russian American culture.

The native women of Alaska in 1784 belonged to four distinct ethnographic groups: Eskimo, Athabascan Indian, Tlingit, and Aleut. Eskimos and Athabascans, who lived far from the coast, remained relatively untouched by the Russian intruders, but the Tlingits and Aleuts, because of their proximity to the sea otter, fell heavily under Russian influence.

Primarily because of a gracious environment—marked by a temperate climate and an abundance of salmon, deer, and berries—the Tlingits of the southeastern panhandle boasted a high technological development. They evolved a well-defined matriarchy and intensely acquisitive tendencies. The Aleuts, by contrast, faced a daily struggle with their environment and the threat of scurvy and near-starvation every winter. The rocky, treeless Aleutian Islands, perpetually shrouded in fog or rain and beaten by high winds, forced the aborigines to adapt their dress, shelter, and food-gathering techniques to extreme conditions. Their survival depended as much on the women's needlework, basket weaving, and food preparation as on the men's hunting and fishing skills.

The Russian fur hunters begun arriving in the Aleutians in about 1755, having depleted the shores of Siberia of sea otter and followed their prey to the east. Because sea otter seldom came ashore and thus had to be killed at sea, the hunters found conventional methods useless. So, following a precedent set in Siberia, the promyshlenniki seized Aleut hostages and demanded ransom or tribute in sea otter furs. Cunningly they chose women as hostages—a strategy that not only freed the

Noblewomen and natives alike made distinctive contributions to the survival of Alaska's first permanent white settlements

by Melody W. Grauman

UNIVERSITY OF ALASKA ARCHIVES

A Tlingit Indian woman of Sitka in the early 1800s.

native men to hunt but also afforded the Russians relief from the celibacy enforced by their occupation.

The advent of native women, however, provided more than sexual release. It also introduced the Russians to the adaptive survival techniques of the Aleuts. The constant rainy weather kept canvas clothing damp, and it took little urging for the foreigners to adopt the waterproof *kamluka* (parka) sewn from seal gut, wooden rain hats, and *mukluks* (high boots) fashioned from the esophagus of the seal. The clumsy Russian boats proved unsafe in the tricky Aleutian waters; the hostages replaced them with larger skinboats *(bidarkas)*. The visitors' provisions were so meager that food had to be obtained locally to prevent starvation during the long winter. The women caught, cleaned, smoked, and dried fish; picked berries and blended them with blubber; and fermented the roots of martagon, fern, and wormwood into beer.

Despite the scarcity of lumber, housing presented no problem. The Russians simply moved into the underground huts of their Aleut hostages, adding a door when the chimney entrance proved unsatisfactory to their civilized tastes. Windows covered with seal gut admitted some light, but seal-oil lamps provided most illumination and the only heat. Furnishings consisted of native straw mats and sealskin rugs and wall hangings.

The early promyshlenniki had bullied their way into a culture that had, through centuries of struggle and hardship, learned how to make life tolerable in a hostile environment.

OBSERVING THE CUTTHROAT COMPETITION among the promyshlenniki and the exorbitant expenses of annual expeditions to America, Gregory Shelekhov, an ambitious and wealthy fur merchant, came to believe that he could use the natives and their adoptive culture to help plant permanent settlements in America as bases to obtain and store the diminishing otter furs. Such an enterprise, however, would require a subsidized monopoly to insure its security against rival companies during its fragile growth. Catherine the Great refused Shelekhov's request for such a monopoly. It was useless for him to promise that he would check the encroachment of foreign traders and civilize the natives and convert them to the Russian Orthodox faith. He realized finally that he would have to prove the soundness of his proposal in practice.

Behind all of Shelekhov's schemes, as he stepped from the boat at Kodiak on August 3, 1784, stood the accomplished Natalya. The Shelekhovs chose the island of Kodiak for their colony's base and thereby gained the advantages of good harbors and an easy defense. The island was large—over a hundred miles long—and its geography was varied. Mountains opened to form valleys with fresh streams and arable land. Twenty miles of gently sloping grasslands met the forested slopes and provided rich pastureland. In contrast to the Aleutians, the southerly Japanese warm air currents spawned a tolerable climate.

Yet, like their promyshlenniki predecessors, the Shelekhovs found they had to take female hostages in order to subdue

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native hostilities. Natalya's ingenious rationalization was that she brought the women together to teach them needlework! Her attempt to transplant the superficialities of Russian culture on the natives formed a pattern that would be repeated by her successors for the next eighty years.

In the following two years, however, the struggle to survive overshadowed grandiose plans of exploration, expansion, and trading as well as dreams of establishing such institutions of civilization as schools and churches. Nonetheless, a roughhewn village gradually took shape as Shelekhov convinced the natives that Russian culture could benefit their own and manipulated their skills to his advantage. In 1786, two years after he arrived, Shelekhov left 113 Russian men to expand the colony while he and Natalya returned to Russia.

Shelekhov's intention was to impress Catherine II with the urgency of a monopoly; but no matter how he glorified his meager achievements, Catherine remained unimpressed. Consequently Shelekhov never saw fulfillment of his dream. He died in 1795. Natalya, however, the brains behind Gregory's driving force, had shrewdly arranged a marriage between her sixteen-year-old stepdaughter, whose dowry consisted of shares of stock in Shelekhov's fur company, and an influential young nobleman of Catherine's court, Nikolai Rezanov. With Rezanov's support, Natalya skillfully intrigued against vicious competition and won the cherished monopoly and charter for the Russian-American Company on July 8, 1799.

Meanwhile the colony itself limped along under the able if controversial leadership of Alexander Baranov, a fur trader chosen as general manager by Shelekhov because of his aggressiveness and administrative skill. After Shelekhov's departure from Kodiak, Baranov had arrived there to find not a Russian settlement but more exactly a nativized settlement of Russians. The lonely hunters had formed alliances with women from the Aleut and Koniag trading villages for many of the same purposes as the earlier promyshlenniki had done. Now, however, children had been born of the unions, and the permanency of the situation had created strong familial bonds. The infrequent and poorly stocked Russian supply ships forced the hunters to depend on the natives for dress, food, housing, and general comforts. Although several of the log buildings displayed rudimentary Russian-style roofs and gables, most imitated the simpler native huts of mud and logs. Brightly dyed food bowls carved from birchwood by the women added an aesthetic dimension to an expanded diet that now included boiled halibut, dried salmon, roasted caribou, and cranberries preserved in candlefish butter. Baranov recognized the value of this union between Russian and native and registered approval by accepting a Kenaitze Indian princess as his wife.

Although Baranov pragmatically adopted the assimilated culture, he expected his American wife to absorb as much of his own Russian culture as possible. Anna Grigoryevna became her name. She learned to wear a kerchief over her long black braids and tried to dress in the Russian fashion. As a member of the "upper class" of Russian America, Anna understood her role. She held aloof from the rest of the colony and governed her few servants well. Eventually she bore Baranov a son. Then Baranov found himself in the same emotional straits as many of his men. According to a decree of Shelekhov's that followed native custom, the child belonged to the mother. If the father left Russian America, the child would remain and undoubtedly be reared a native. On the other hand, Baranov could not legally take Anna and

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The Russian priests who arrived in 1792 created problems. As the women accepted the Russian faith, they wanted the church to bless marriages and baptise children. The permanency of a church-sanctioned marriage, however, caused the men to balk until native marriages became more socially acceptable. To foster this acceptance, Ivan Banner, Baranov's Kodiak manager, and his Russian wife set an example by receiving newly married couples in their home and providing light entertainment and refreshments. The Russian-American Company itself encouraged intermarriage as "indispensible, both in order to discover any injurious designs that the natives may harbor and also to establish firm relations between them since the children born from such unions will perforce bring about a union between the Russians and the Aleuts."

Baranov established a framework of rules to prevent sexual abuses and to encourage permanent relationships. He forbade the taking of hostages and demanded that the consent of the parents as well as the price of a bride be stated. He ordered a halt to the prostitution of native women, and he developed a cure for venereal disease, consisting of mercurials dissolved in vodka, plus an enforced lonely tenure in the forest. For the first time in fifty years, the social structure provided a measure of protection for native women and a basis for their social standing and social worth.

Baranov's reforms, however, were not totally effective. In June 1802 the Tlingit women, who had so far placidly satisfied the desires of their Russian mates and reared their children, turned against them by informing the native warriors of weaknesses in the defenses of the Russian settlement of Mikhailovsk, near present-day Sitka. The Tlingit conspiracy swept up and down the southeastern panhandle, and only with great difficulty did Baranov reconquer the area. This was the most serious native uprising; but for many years afterwards the Tlingit wives kept their kinsmen informed of all that occurred in the Russian settlements and thus caused frequent native attacks on Russian hunters and fishermen.

SINCE THE DAYS OF THE PROMYSHLENNIKI, native women had exercised significant influence on the lives of the Russian inhabitants of Alaska. They had, indeed, produced major modifications in Russian-American culture. The handful of daring Russian women who had followed their husbands to the harsh frontier land, after the advent of Natalya Shelekhov in 1784, had introduced another kind of influence. Emulating Natalya's example, they brought with them the social conventions and practices of Catherine's Russia.

Two notable women who arrived in the early years of the nineteenth century were Madame Lariwanoff and Madame Banner, wives respectively of the directors of Unalaska and Kodiak. So far as frontier conditions permitted, both reproduced in their homes the amenities of European civilization. The grace and refinement of these Russian women and their simple but varied hospitality made a remarkable impression on Russia's highest administrative officer, High Chamberlain Nikolai Rezanov. When he toured Russian America in 1805, Rezanov rhapsodized over "the great value of so excellent a wife and housewife" and concluded that the native girls should acquire similar talents. He urged Madame Banner to start a

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During the years of hardship and struggle for survival, Baranov had always made a profit for the company. By 1808 the supply ships from Russia arrived more regularly and more frequently, and what had once been luxuries became necessities. Baranov expanded the colony and moved his headquarters to New Archangel (Sitka), located on the southeastern panhandle. Anna now reigned over a two-story log building, known as Baranov's Castle, that possessed such refinements as rugs, polished floors, paintings, books, and furnishings from St. Petersburg. She served dinners in the Russian style (that is, only for men) but with such American food as roast wild goose, venison, salmon, and halibut, along with Russian bread, pickles, cakes, and the ever-present bowl of hot punch.

But the hard years were not yet over. The cold, moist, foggy climate of the panhandle, coupled with exhausting work demanded all, produced ill health, poor morale, and heavy drinking. While the upper class tried to emulate life in the mother country, the common people remained tied to the natives through marriage, life style, and the dictates of the social order. Captain Ivan Krusenstern, a Russian naval officer who visited Russian America between 1803 and 1806, described them as "living for the greater part in mud huts, that is to say, in very unhealthy quarters below the ground, and . . . suffering from the same lack of wholesome food as one does at sea. . . . The only item of which there is no scarcity is vodka."

Nevertheless, Rezanov sought to give the Creoles the same rights, privileges, and social standing as full-blooded Russians. He used as his rationale the scarcity of Russian women in the colony: out of 391 Russian inhabitants, only 13 were Russian women, while among the 244 Creoles, 111 were Creole women. Baranov's family benefited from Rezanov's policy. Anna became recognized as the "Princess of Kenai," which granted nobility to her son and daughter. Within a few years Baranov's daughter, Irina, married her father's successor, Lieutenant Simeon Yanovski, and returned with him to the courts and receptions of St. Petersburg. Other Creole women attracted the attention of succeeding Russian governors. Matxei Murav'ev (governor during 1820–1825) and Peter Chistiakov (1825–1830) each had Creole mistresses.

When naval officers replaced the fur traders in governing positions, they felt the colony safe enough to bring their Russian wives and children. In 1830 Baroness Elizabeth Wrangel became the first noblewoman to condemn herself to five years in isolation in Russian America. In a new Baranov Castle with library, museum, and rum cellar, the young baroness held balls and French-style dinners in formal dress, played games of whist and charades, and heard musical recitals. As a gracious and sympathetic woman of quality, she won the hearts of the rough Russian hunters and even gained praise from the fierce Tlingit chiefs. She visited the sick, scolded the wayward, and eased the loneliness and homesickness of newly arrived Russians. But as the five-year tour lengthened, the novelty of frontier life wore off and the coarse, unrefined, poorly educated society began to bore and repulse her. When the harsh environment claimed her daughter, she had had enough of Russian America. Three more years had to pass, however, before she could return to St. Petersburg.

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Banner's Kodiak school for girls to Sitka and had renamed it The Institution for Good Housewives. Twenty girls between five and sixteen years of age learned to sew their own Russian dresses and to keep them washed and repaired. They also acquired the basic principles of good housekeeping and thrift. As in any Russian school, the native, Creole, and Russian child alike learned the Russian language and the Russian Orthodox faith. Ivan Kupreiano, Wrangel's successor, and his wife expanded the curriculum to include the fine arts of painting, dancing, and good literature.

Partly because of the Institution, life in upper class Russian America grew more refined and more Russian. Despite lagging profits, formal balls entertained several foreign visitors. An Englishman expressed amazement over the ease and elegance the young ladies showed in waltzing and quadrilling, especially when he learned that twelve months previously they had known nothing of dancing.

On the other hand, the counterparts of these fine young ladies, those who had married Russian hunters, found life less joyous. Their husbands' salary of 350 rubles could not be stretched to provide even the basic essentials of food and clothing. They accumulated huge debts at the company store, despite dietary supplements of venison, fowl, fish, and berries. While the elite dined and danced in style, the lower classes still depended on the survival techniques of the merged Russian, Aleut, and Tlingit cultures.

Overlooking the value of this multi-culture, Hudson's Bay Company administrator Sir George Simpson, visiting the colony during a journey around the world, described the women as no beauties and "begrimed with dirt, while many of them like their lords and masters, are addicted to drunkeness which, in their case, leads as a matter of course to other vices." He saw them living in "nothing but wooden hovels, huddled together, without order or design, in nasty alleys."

These wooden hovels contrasted greatly with the comfortable quarters of the upper class epitomized by the handsomely decorated and richly furnished suite of apartments in which Margaretha Etholen, wife of Governor Adolf Etholen (1840–1845), entertained Simpson. He had only praise for his hostess and the colony's high society. Simpson described the lavish balls where women "attired in clear muslin dresses, white satin shoes, silk stockings, kid gloves, and fans" waltzed and quadrilled until three o'clock in the morning. The profusion of tea, coffee, chocolate, champagne, sandwiches, and liqueurs amazed him. Socially and culturally this period became known as the Golden Age of Sitka, but economically profits plummeted as the fur-bearing mammals declined and the Chinese market on which the trade depended vanished altogether.

THE COASTAL SETTLEMENTS OF KODIAK AND SITKA in 1840 reflected the upper-class culture of St. Petersburg; the interior of Russian America, on the other hand, presented a hostile environment in which no non-native culture was likely to flourish. Temperatures plunging as low as seventy degrees below zero and heavy snowfalls made travel impossible except by native dog teams and snow shoes. Consequently, Russian culture had barely touched the interior. The Eskimos and Athabascan Indians who lived there maintained their own ways.

So when Lieutenant L. A. Zagoskin formed a scientific expedition to explore the Yukon Basin in 1842, he found he had

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THE COASTAL SETTLEMENTS OF KODIAK AND SITKA in 1840 reflected the upper-class culture of St. Petersburg; the interior of Russian America, on the other hand, presented a hostile environment in which no non-native culture was likely to flourish. Temperatures plunging as low as seventy degrees below zero and heavy snowfalls made travel impossible except by native dog teams and snow shoes. Consequently, Russian culture had barely touched the interior. The Eskimos and Athabascan Indians who lived there maintained their own ways.

So when Lieutenant L. A. Zagoskin formed a scientific expedition to explore the Yukon Basin in 1842, he found he had

BY UREY LISIANSKY; BANCROFT LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

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to rely on native women to fix clothing and shoes, hunt ptarmigan, net fish, pick berries, dig edible roots, and ferment cow parsnip. Once again the Russians lived in native-built houses. Seal intestines served as windows and an open hearth emitted heat as well as suffocating fumes. Except for a limited quantity of flour, tea, sugar, barley, and a holiday meat fat, the Russians living in the interior had to adjust to the native food of salted king salmon, whale meat, and sea lion fins. They discovered that "fat not only warms you up but is very nourishing chopped with food." One Russian remarked that fat was "just like a glass of rum only it doesn't go to your head." Additionally they learned from the native women that an infusion of beaver musk in rum would alleviate chest pain and rheumatism and that dried ground beaver penis cured gonorrhea.

At Fort St. Michael, near the mouth of the Yukon River, Zagoskin found, paradoxically, that the Russian men wore native dress while the native women wore cotton dresses with red flannel trim. The married women kept their heads covered in the custom of the Orthodox faith while the young girls wore their hair loosened down their backs and tied with bright ribbons in hopes of marrying a Russian, or even a Creole, and leaving their tribe.

Zagoskin rigorously criticized Creole women of Sitka and St. Michael who considered any domestic occupation beneath them. Many of the young women had recently graduated from the training center in Sitka. When asked how much flour was needed to bake a loaf of bread or how much soap was necessary to wash a certain amount of linen, they answered: "We don't know. We received our bread ready-made from the bakery. They give us soap, whatever is issued." Nevertheless, these young women "could all waltz skillfully, dance the French quadrille; all could knit scarves very well and little neckerchiefs and little caps; all had read *Dead Souls* by Gogol."

Zagoskin therefore denounced as totally inappropriate the very products of Russian culture that Simpson had praised so highly. In 1846 the training school for industrious housewives adopted a new plan in which each pupil learned to sew and dress birdskins, make rain parkas, and weave household mats of grass and roots—"all things highly useful to women who intend sharing their husbands' work in their homeland." This seemingly radical shift in acculturation policy could be construed as an awakening awareness of the value of native culture to the economic well-being of the colony. No other policy changes, however, took place. Further confusion developed in 1859 when an inspector, Captain P. N. Golovin, found Sitka largely dependent on the natives for food because the Russians did no hunting and little gardening, and he reprimanded the local officials for not teaching Russian ways to the Tlingits. Thus the colony wavered indecisively between policies that might promote profit and independence from Russia and policies that would serve to civilize and convert the natives.

By 1860 Russian culture in Russian America approached its apex. Public gardens and teahouses provided the fine ladies of the community a suitable outing away from the single street of mud and the perpetual hostilities of the native settlement. A few upper grade officials even had pianos, while the Lutheran Church boasted the only pipe organ in northwestern America. Two scientific institutions as well as a college and a public library added academic refinements. A theater remodeled from the top story of Baranov's Castle provided the stage for French and Russian plays. Financially, however, the

UNKNOWN ARTIST; ALASKA HISTORICAL LIBRARY

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The stature of the chief managers also reached its peak at this time with Prince Dmitri Maksutov, who traced his title back to the early sixteenth century. Prince Maksutov struggled to pull the company out of its steep economic descent, and in the process he adopted an ordinance that forbade Russian men to marry native women. His action sprang from complaints that the men usually either abandoned the women upon leaving North America or took them along and abandoned them in Siberia. The new policy marked a historic break with the custom of almost a century and with a culture that had nurtured the Russians through hard, wearing years; a culture that still supplied many of the colony's needs, especially when the supply ships failed to arrive; and a culture that interior Russians deprived of the companionship of Russian women still viewed as their own.

By 1867 Russian culture in America, with its teahouses, theaters, balls, recitals, and banquets, was a facade that scarcely masked the rotting financial foundation upon which it rested. The Russian women, with no commitment to the longevity of the culture, concerned themselves only with the external trappings, desired only to improve society and break the monotony of the frontier, and depended only on Russia to set patterns, styles, and conventions, to supply the necessities and luxuries, and eventually to provide salvation. This view of life, which could be traced from Natalya Shelekhov through to Princess Maksutov, was a characteristically unrealistic approach to a demanding environment. As the Russian women left, the cultural shell they had built crumbled; only among the hunters, with their native and Creole wives, could the remnants of Russian civilization be found, chiseled from a harsh and unforgiving reality into a successful synthesis of two cultures.

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CUT-RATE ENCHANTMENT

by Richard Reinhardt
and
Robert W. Richmond

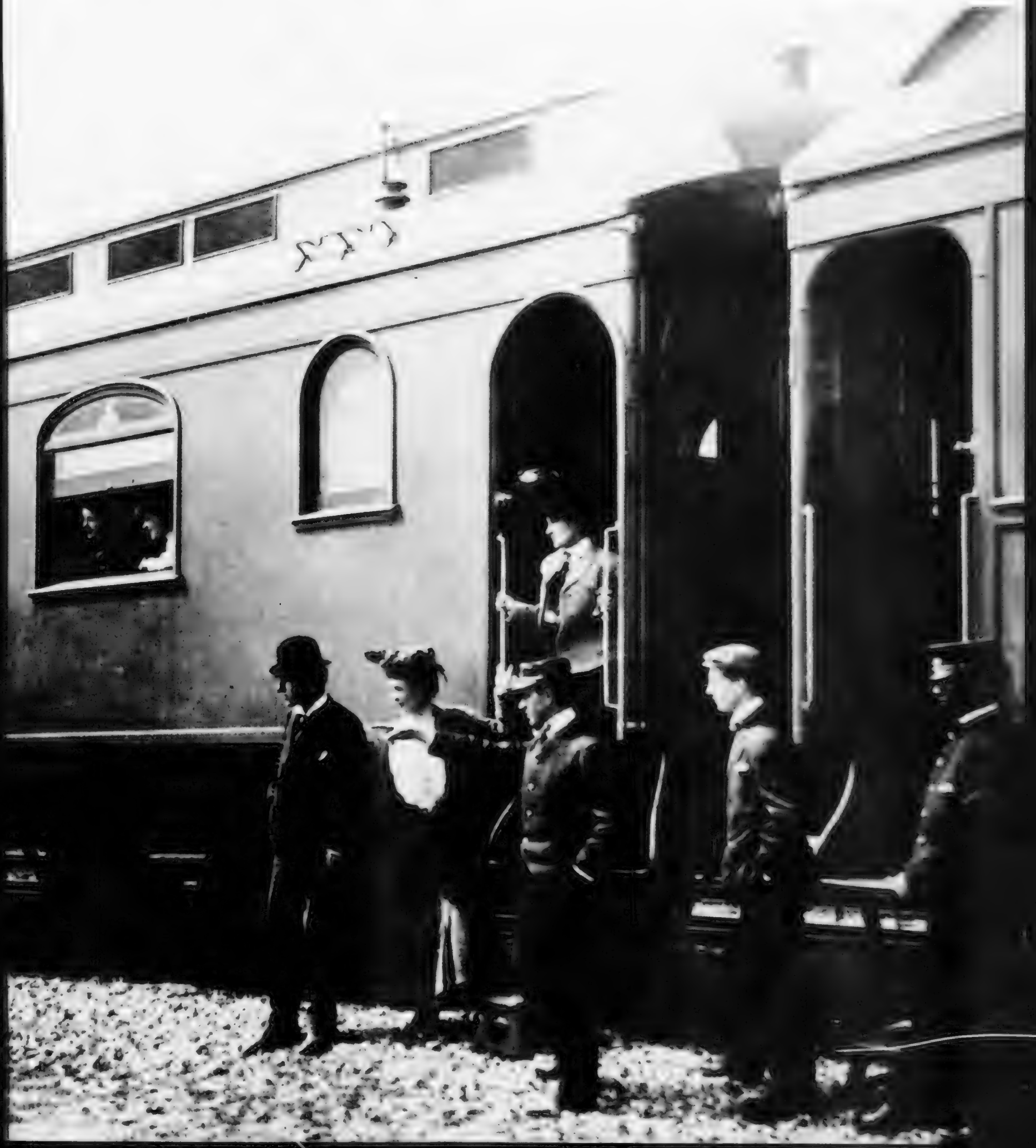
IT TAKES THREE HOURS and costs $132.64 nowadays to travel from the midwinter gloom of Chicago to the subtropical sunshine of Southern California. In 1905 it took three days, eleven hours, and twenty-five minutes, and cost $56.20. The golden age of cut-rate travel was at hand; the American middle-class had discovered the train.

Like other manifestations of democracy, the great upsurge in transcontinental travel had begun with the 1890s. During two previous decades, aristocrats of two continents had satiated themselves with the novelty of riding between New York and San Francisco in Palace Cars and writing books about the scenery. A generation of European farmers had ridden to new homesteads in the western prairie in bare wooden cars with cast-iron stoves and whale-oil lanterns. Now, along came a new vehicle, the tourist sleeping car, and a new breed of traveler.

A correspondent for the English magazine *World's Work* was amused and slightly horrified: "Whole families bound for Rocky Mountain resorts loll about on the wicker or leather seats; one or two people are heating coffee on the range at the end of the car . . . heads project from the open windows: everyone is happy. In porter service and plush these

The excursion conductor, a mature Anglo-Saxon of limitless patience and encyclopedic knowledge, serves as a combination butler, tour guide, and medical practitioner. He can explain the difference between a yucca and a saguaro, knows what to do about motion sickness, and can tell you, more or less, when the train will get to the breakfast stop at Trinidad. Although this 1905 publicity photograph probably was posed in the Chicago train yards, the reader is free to assume that the excursion conductor is shown here illuminating a fine point in pre-Columbian pueblo architecture.

Chicago to Los Angeles in a Tourist Sleeper



"The Pullman tourist sleeping-cars on the Santa Fe have solved the problem of how to travel long distances comfortably at a minimum cost. The berth-rate is much less than in the standard Pullman and they are neatly furnished, comfortably heated, clean and attractive. 'Almost as nice,' fairly compares one style of car with the other."

tourist car brochure

Well-behaved travelers perch on the edges of their rattan seats in anticipation of a three-and-a-half-day, $56.20 journey to California. "The Pullman tourist sleeping cars on the Santa Fe are of the very newest pattern, with wide steel vestibules," says the publicity leaflet in which this picture first appeared. "They are much longer than the old style, and have heavier trucks." A more important message can be read between the lines and in the clothing, faces, and decorum of the carefully posed passengers: yes, respectable people do *ride tourist sleepers.*

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS FROM KANSAS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, GIFT OF THE SANTA FE RAILROAD

Fashionable ladies en route to Albuquerque and points west aboard the tourist sleeper find flexible Japanese rattan seats as comfy as the velvet employed in First Class. "Rattan is by many preferred to plush, being cooler in summer and more sanitary," a Santa Fe advertisement declares. But a disinterested passenger, thinking back on his experience with early tourist cars, recalls vivid memories of "cane seats that put bunions and a beautiful basket-weave impression on the backs of one's legs [and] the brooding, lingering smells of stale food, with the lusty odor of garlic predominating. . . ."

people are not so well provided as the parlor-car passengers, but to discomfort they will not own. They contend that their berths are as snug as those in the first-class behind."

Earl Pomeroy, in his study of western tourism *In Search of the Golden West,* comments: "The new tourist car was not luxurious, nor was it exclusive. But the tourist car made western pleasure-travel possible and reasonably comfortable for many who could not afford first-class fare and could not stand the bare wooden benches of the earlier second-class sleepers."

It was in 1905 that the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, an aggressive though late arrival in the transcontinental service, began to advertise tourist sleepers on three trains daily between Chicago and the Pacific Coast—the Los Angeles Express, the San Francisco Express, and the California Mail. The new cars, falling somewhere between the grandeur of the Palace Cars and the austerity of the emigrant wagons, were difficult to describe. To illustrate their virtues, the Santa Fe passenger agent in Chicago, George T. Nicholson, hired a photographer and an assortment of well-dressed models to board a tourist sleeper and take posed pictures of the things one would do while en route to California, such as reading, sitting, brushing one's hair, ordering the porter about, asking tiresome questions, and playing the mandolin. The pictures (a selection of which is reproduced on these pages) turned out nicely, and the Santa Fe used them for four or five years in its timetables and advertising leaflets, during which time, presumably, the public got used to tourist sleepers and realized they were not déclassé.

In promoting tourism, as in developing freight from its arid and underpopulated territory, the Santa Fe labored under certain inherent disadvantages. The classic passenger tour between East and West followed more or less the line of the Overland Trail, the route of the Chicago & Northwestern, the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific. Through the efforts of those railroads, innumerable guidebooks, magazine articles, and volumes of memoirs were disseminated in praise of the overland route and its scenery—Devil's Slide, Weber Canyon, Great Salt Lake, the Sierra Nevada—which was now as well known to eastern Americans as Mount Washington and the Hudson Valley.

By comparison, the route of the Santa Fe was spooky and repulsive—a desert land of incredible aridity and intolerable heat, inhabited by lizards, spiders, spiny plants, and Indians of demonstrated ferocity. Even Charles Lummis, the tireless promulgator of Indian myths and scenic essays, admitted that his chosen turf was one of the "strange corners of our country." In a book published in the early nineties, he complained that most of his countrymen had an inexplicable and unpatriotic aversion to the Southwest: "Every year," Lummis said, "thousands of un-American Americans go to Europe to see scenery infinitely inferior to our own."

The Santa Fe's first efforts to overcome this disability took the form of superior food service. Three nights a week—on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays—the ten o'clock westbound from Chicago would carry along a tourist excursion conductor, a middle-aged man with an easily pronounceable name and a permanent smile, who was charged with fetching patent medicines for minor illnesses, identifying landmarks along the way, and starting up parlor games. His disposition, reputedly, was better than that of the average train conductor, and his patience was practically unlimited. He would look after your tickets and keep track of your baggage, supply you with current magazines, brief you on investment opportunities in California real estate, find you a hotel room at the end of the line, or bring you a light meal from one of the station restaurants. Unlike airline hostesses of today, he did not dispense martinis and sick bags, but those services would certainly have been within his capability. He was, in short, a bargain version of the jolly social directors who accompanied Cook's Tours and looked after excursionists in First Class.

Everything in tourist class, if you looked at it charitably, was a low-priced equivalent of First Class. Instead of plush upholstery, there was rattan; instead of mahogany panelling, there was birchwood; instead of gilt and ormolu there was aluminum. But no one could confuse it with the bring-your-own-bedding, wooden seat discomfort of the emigrant trains. There were berths by night and little portable card tables by day, and a black porter named George to set them up. The cars stopped at the same Fred Harvey restaurants, followed the same engine, and passed through the same dreadful landscape as did the First Class.

As for that scenery, the publicists of the Santa Fe, taking a lead from Lummis, soon began to scratch beneath the dusty surface. One hired hack, struggling against prejudice, admitted it was fortunate that most westbound trains left Chicago after dark, because there was nothing to look at but the drainage channel, "whose white rock-debris closely parallels the way for miles in almost mountainous volumes and affords occasional glimpses of the great artificial water-way." But—what a treat when one woke to spend a day crossing the "billowy surface of Kansas," with a breakfast stop at a Harvey House in Topeka and a dinner stop at Hutchinson! After that, First Class and tourist alike plunged into Colorado's "endlessly varied and long sustained series of mountain views." Still ahead lay the splendors of New Mexico—"Oriental in aspect and flushed with color."

This tasty lunch—served at a portable table in the sleeping car—was purchased at a station stop and brought aboard in a wicker basket. West of Kansas City, tourist trains carry no dining cars but stop for a half hour or more at one of the several celebrated Harvey restaurants. Between stops, resourceful travelers can brew a pot of coffee or take the chill off a can of stewed tomatoes in the Baker oven built into the car's hot water heater (operative in winter months only).

"Those who have at any time eaten a Harvey meal know that there is nothing better in the United States. The steaks are thick, juicy and tender. The cream is the genuine article. The fruits are always seasonable. . . . You always get more than your money's worth [price 75¢] when you dine on the Santa Fe."

railroad leaflet

"The standard Pullman has some luxuries that the tourist Pullman lacks, such as expensive carved woodwork and elaborate upholstering. But both alike are attached to fast through express trains and are operated by the Pullman Company. . . . You make many pleasant acquaintances and find your neighbors to be respectable and orderly citizens."

Santa Fe brochure

Mandolin recitals and singalongs keep girls out of mischief between meal stops. A company brochure in which this picture was published calls attention to the tourist car's interior decor, "nicely finished in polished birchwood with aluminum fittings—a pleasant combination for the eye." The girl in the plaid blouse, as disclosed in another picture not shown here, has set a pot of tea to warm in the Baker oven for throats wearied by renditions of "Reuben, Reuben."

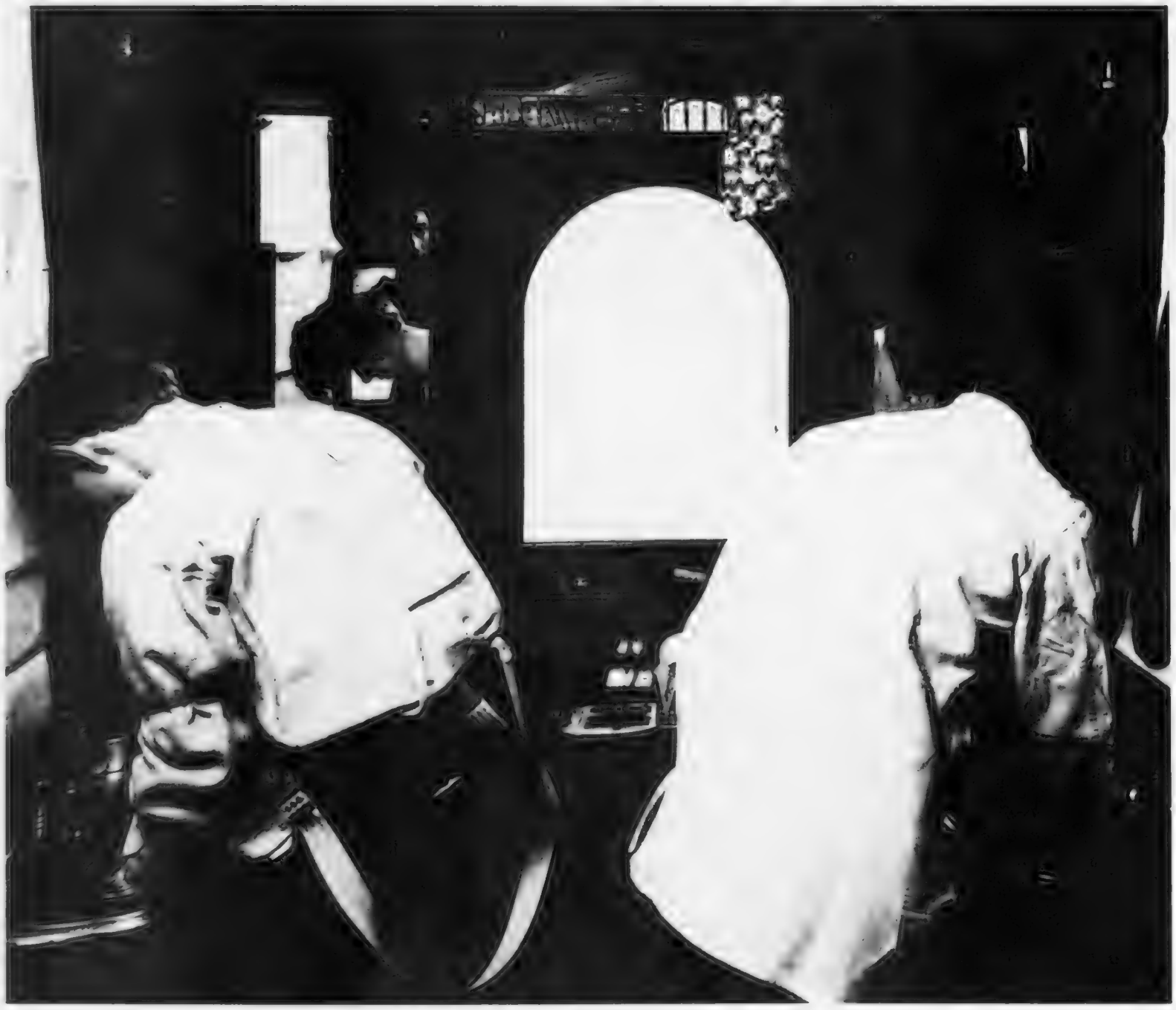
"It is the custom to endeavor to locate passengers in such a manner that neighbors for the trip will be congenial to each other. . . . [Upon arriving at your destination] it seems pleasant to be on firm ground again, and yet the pleasure is tinged with a regret that one's friends of the past few days must be separated from."

To California in a Tourist Sleeper

Congenial commercial travelers, who might be doing the opening scene of "The Music Man," gather to exchange Pat and Mike stories and to escape a mandolin concert and sing-along in the next car. Although the refined-looking gentlemen in this photograph are neither smoking nor spitting, Santa Fe's promotional pamphlets give comforting assurance that "the cars are thoroughly and frequently cleaned by compressed air, a sanitary provision of great value."

"Think of the . . . fringes and bangs, the underskirts and overskirts, the many-buttoned boots, the crinoline and pull-backs; think of the slow and laborious progress toward final perfection . . . and think of it all in a closet three feet square with a dozen anxious and aimless ones waiting outside and making audible comments on her slowness!"

"Outside the ladies' toilet room" from Mary E. Blake's *On the Wing*



The Gentlemen's Lavatory, like the Ladies' Toilet Room at the other end of the car, offers iced drinking water, a polished metal hand pump and basin for washing (hot water in winter), Pintsch gas lamps for illumination, and such other amenities as plate glass mirrors, cloth roller towels, combs, and clothes brushes. Everything, in the words of the Santa Fe, is nearly "as nice as the standard Pullman. . . . Those who use the tourist Pullman exercise a wise economy. They are willing to go without luxurious upholstery and the like, in order to have more money left when they reach California."

"The Pullman Company furnishes every necessary accommodation. A uniformed Pullman porter is in charge of each car, under the direct supervision of the Pullman conductor, and passengers are thus assured the same attention as if occupying a Palace Sleeper. . . . The monotonous portions of a transcontinental trip are passed in the night-time."

tourist car brochure

The lady in Lower 3, having stowed her Gladstone bag under the berth and called for a glass of Eno's Fruit Salts, is about to retire for the night—or day, judging from the light in the windows. She is occupying one of sixteen sections in the tourist sleeper. Each consists of an upper and lower berth ("enclosed by movable partitions and a curtain, affording absolute privacy"), furnished with hair mattresses, pillows, sheets, and blankets, and allegedly capable of accommodating two adults in each bed. Fortunately for the young lady, the other three did not show up.

New Mexico offered the greatest challenge to the landscape publicists; for this territory, more than any other, was the private province of the Santa Fe—an elusive, not particularly ingratiating place, like the New Mexico of Paul Horgan's novels: dry, talcum-powder pink, deserted, strewn along a railroad line that was forever passing over white arroyos, past ocher-yellow station houses and beds of scarlet cannas, filling dusty little towns with the echo of a whistle and the creak of iron wheels. It was this New Mexico that passengers saw and sensed as a fleet image brushing past the windows, "pulling through the yards where the lights swung against the darkness as they passed, and the wind came in the unscreened open windows bringing the pleasurable cough of smoke with it."

New Mexico clearly baffled the promoters. The railroad, itself, published in the early nineties a book by a crass, incurious young woman named Alva Beatty, who had written up an illustrated log of her wedding trip from Mexico City to New York.

"New Mexico is strewn with ruins," said Alva. "They lie in nooks and corners everywhere. . . . To most of our countrymen, however, antiquity and the details of antiquated things are a bore. The present dollar, and how it can be secured, is the one thing possessing extraordinary interest." As for the people of New Mexico: "They have no theories, there are no experiments to try; their continued existence is assured; the lads and lassies grow up and marry and die and many of them live to a very old age."

This prose, with its maddening resemblance to the lesser work of Gertrude Stein, flowed from Alva like miraculous oil. At Las Vegas she recorded: "Here we have a chance to get some of the grub that Jack and I, even in the midst of this beautiful scenery, have been thinking longingly of for the last two hours." At Santa Fe: "Twenty years ago it must have been a much more interesting place."

Within a few years, however, New Mexico had attracted its share of appreciative interpreters. "New Mexico reminds me of Algiers," one of them wrote. "There is the same Oriental suggestion of intense coloring, of dazzling brilliancy of sky, of gleaming pearl, of floating clouds. . . ." Since most Americans had never seen Algiers, the analogy was a safe one. Still to be heard were such admirers of the region as Mary Austin, D. H. Lawrence, Mable Dodge Luhan, Harvey Fergusson, Oliver LaFarge, J. Frank Dobie, and Willa Cather.

Fewer writers of quality settled in Arizona, but it offered fewer complications for writers of advertising copy. Some like Alva, were confounded. "Over Arizona the light of civilization and prosperity has not yet broken," she wrote. "Here are only wide, wide pasture lands, vast and awful ranges of mountains, lava beds which seem to have scorched and burned up all about them, great and vast desert wastes . . . and over all there broods a sense of vastness and a heavy silence that makes the eyes and senses tired. . . ." Most, like Theodore Roosevelt, confined their impressions to the Grand Canyon and followed the words-faileth-me formula: "It fills me with awe: it is beyond comparison, beyond description."

On the rim of the canyon, Santa Fe built a hotel that was easily and fully described. It was El Tovar, and it boldly proclaimed itself, at $4-a-day and up, the most expensive hotel in the Southwest.

Easiest of all for the tourist-sleeper trade was California, which already had inspired innumerable volumes of publicity. Santa Fe pamphlet writers panted in ecstasy: "Perpetual summer . . . Roses in midwinter . . . Sunshine . . . Tropical foliage . . . Old Missions . . . Mighty Sierras . . . The whole world concedes that California is a most delightful place. Hence, we need only inform you how to get there."

So informed, we got here by the millions: came west in tourist sleepers and stayed. Even Alva was entranced by the thirty-thousand-acre land speculation called Hesperia, in the desert midway between Barstow and San Bernardino—"a promising colonial enterprise [that] bids fair to become noted for its sanitary effects." It is safe to assume that she and Jack put together their little nest egg, climbed aboard the Santa Fe, and finished out their lives buying and selling real estate in Beverly Hills.

The details of the tourist trade—three trains a day, children five to twelve half-fare, railway tickets $49.20, sleeper $7—are quite irrelevant today. The great tourist bargain has been withdrawn, although memories of it float in the minds of living men like flecks of mica in a darkening stream: memories of bottle-green mattresses stuffed with horsehair, ice water in sooty paper cornucopias, pyramids of polished apples on marble counters, Navajo blankets and turquoise necklaces, and seventy-five-cent dinners of roast pork, green beans, and apple betty.

Richard Reinhardt, *who prepared the text for this article, is a contributing editor for* THE AMERICAN WEST *and author of two books on early railroading,* Out West on the Overland Train *and* Workin' on the Railroad *(both American West Publishing Co.). His most recent book is* Treasure Island: San Francisco's Exposition Years *(Scrimshaw Press, 1973).*

Robert W. Richmond, *who found the delightful photographs reproduced here at the Kansas State Historical Society and brought them to our attention, is state archivist of Kansas and a lecturer in history at Washburn University, Topeka. His* Kansas: A Land of Contrasts *has just been published by the Forum Press.*

Grandma and Grandpa, having earlier joined in raucous song and raunchy stories, pose in a scene of domestic felicity to reassure timid customers of the propriety of tourist travel. It was a question that preyed on some people's minds until publicists from the railroad induced the* Topeka Daily Capital *to editorialize: "The idea that an inferior class of people patronize the tourist sleepers is an error. On many trips only the best class of travelers are found. . . ."

"When a family of two or more people go, the saving by choosing the second-class is considerable. . . . Many well-to-do persons have taken advantage of this attractive bit of economy, and the railroad company is constantly improving the so-called second-class service. It might appropriately be termed *good service for first-class people.*"

To California in a Tourist Sleeper

Thundering rapids and boiling whirlpools lie drowned beneath a placid lake, but the Bighorn's spectacular walls endure.

Men Who Challenged the Bighorn

Now tamed by Yellowtail Dam, the Bighorn Canyon of Wyoming and Montana once tested the mettle of some of America's boldest adventurers

by Vera D. Saban

AFTER SUCCESSFULLY NAVIGATING the rough water of the Bighorn River through northern Wyoming's Sheep Canyon, four men in a heavy, clumsy-looking boat reached the settlement of McDonald's Ferry one day late in the summer of 1893. There they were hailed by a group of local men who, upon learning that the party planned to continue downriver through the Bighorn Canyon, tendered dire predictions. The boat, they warned, would be dashed to pieces on the rocks; unearthly howls and screams would announce the presence of supernatural beings; like others who had tried the trip, the explorers would surely perish in the attempt. But the boatmen's determination was unshaken; all the local men could do was to offer to inform their families of the date and cause of their deaths.

Thus forewarned, the adventurers resumed their voyage, soon disappearing through the cleft in the mountain that marked the entrance to a huge crack in the earth, formed since the Ice Age by the wearing through of great volumes of water. Throughout history rivers have provided man with a means of transportation. But the wild river that rushed through the Bighorn Canyon was to yield passage only grudgingly to these and other men.

The Bighorn River, which empties into the Yellowstone in Montana, takes birth as the Wind River high in the mountains of central Wyoming, then breaks, by way of the Wind River Canyon, through the Owl Creek Mountains. With its name changed to Bighorn, it proceeds quite peacefully through the hundred-mile length of the Bighorn Basin, receiving waters of

lesser streams that arise in the surrounding mountains—the Big Horns to the east and north, the Owl Creeks to the south, the Absarokas to the west. Some miles north of the town of Greybull the Bighorn, in passing through Sheep Canyon, exhibits a sample of its true turbulent nature. But upon reaching the Bighorn Canyon today the river is forced to calm, for its waters are now contained there by Yellowtail Dam.

Before the dam was built the river roared and twisted through this gigantic gorge. A rapid drop, huge boulders, and sharp turns all combined to form vicious whirlpools and rapids, frothing with white water and spelling potential disaster to the boatman.

The many-hued, perpendicular walls of this forty-seven-mile canyon are carved spectacularly with spires and towers, niches and huge amphitheaters. With cliffs towering from five hundred to over two thousand feet high, the Bighorn gorge ranks third in depth in the United States, surpassed only by the Grand Canyon of the Colorado and Hells Canyon of the Snake.

Anthropologists and archaeologists have determined that prehistoric man lived here eight to ten thousand years ago, but at the time of the coming of the white man this was Crow territory. The Crows found the Bighorn Basin rich hunting ground, but in treks from the Yellowstone Valley they avoided the stupendous cut of the Bighorn, not only because it was inaccessible by foot and dangerous by boat, but also because superstitions made it a place to shun. Instead, they used the trail aptly named "Bad Pass" to cross the mountains. One of the wildest Indian trails in America, this pass skirts the base of the Pryor Mountains and runs parallel to the canyon, four or five miles to the west.

Early white explorers were warned by the Indians of a Manitou, or devil, who lived in rapids in the river. The Crows feared this demon who devoured "anyone who ventured near, and who couldn't be killed because he was 'ball-proof.' " Later-day adventurers affirmed the horrible noises that could be heard in the depths of the canyon. These sounds lent credibility to Crow superstitions already fed by the mystery of nearby Medicine Wheel and the smell and appearance of the sulphurous Stinkwater, tributary of the Bighorn from the west a few miles above the canyon. Such phenomena, unexplainable to the Indian mind, served to keep the red man of that period away from the Bighorn Canyon.

When the white man encroached upon their lands from the east, the Sioux Indians pushed into Crow territory. They too found the Yellowstone and Bighorn valleys good hunting grounds, and, like the Crows, the travelers avoided the Bighorn Canyon, instead following Bad Pass, which in time became known as the Old Sioux Trail.

Although historians concede that traders may have visited the Crows in the Bighorn Valley before 1800, the first recorded visit to the canyon of the Bighorn was that of French trapper Francis Antoine Larocque. His expedition, sent by the North West Company of Canada, was to open up fur trade with the Indians of the Rocky Mountains.

In August of 1805, Larocque's party, approaching from the northeast, camped on a small tributary of the Bighorn, known today as Black Canyon Creek, then advanced five miles farther to the west. Climbing above camp, Larocque had his first view of the spectacular canyon. The great gorge was awe-inspiring to the Frenchman, but he made no attempt to explore its depths.

In 1807, John Colter, working out of Fort Manuel at the mouth of the Bighorn, worked his way into northern Wyoming. In his explorations he went through Pryor Gap and followed the Old Sioux Trail. Undoubtedly he too viewed the canyon of the Bighorn and may have trapped its tributaries. Fort Manuel was abandoned in 1808; that same year Colter, Manuel Lisa, and George Drouillard, a former interpreter and hunter for Lewis and Clark, charted areas of the Bighorn. Included in these first maps of the new territory were the red sandstone cliffs at the entrance to the canyon.

The Yellowstone and Bighorn valleys soon attracted more traders and trappers, who left no stream unexplored in their search for the precious beaver pelt. Such trappers as Ezekiel Williams, Wilson Price Hunt, Nathaniel J. Wyeth, and Uncle Dick Wootton visited the area. Jim Bridger, Jedediah Smith, Joe Meek, and the Sublette brothers must also have found lush trapping in the streams that cut their way into the Bighorn Canyon.

It is uncertain if any of these men dared use the canyon of the Bighorn as a passageway, but history explicitly gives the river credit for transportation in 1825. Capt. William H. Ashley had established a trading post on the Yellowstone in 1822, and his men fanned out in all directions. In 1825, after a profitable trading expedition, Ashley led his trappers north from the Wind River country. After crossing the Owl Creek Mountains, they transferred some of the furs from horses to boats. They floated these down the river through the Bighorn Valley, and are said to have safely transported two boatloads of furs through the Bighorn Canyon—the first such passage known to history. But the trip, perilous and difficult, failed to make the Bighorn Canyon a popular avenue of commerce.

The most complete early records of the Big Horn mountain area were made by Washington Irving from the notes of Capt. Benjamin L. E. Bonneville. Along with trapping and trading, Bonneville explored much of the Bighorn River system.

It was in July of 1833 that Captain Bonneville, with fifty-six men, left the Green River Valley, heading for the Big Horn country. Bonneville had been warned about the hazards facing

Editor's Note: In conformance with most present-day authorities, the one-word spelling of the Bighorn River and Canyon has been used throughout this article, but it should be recognized that in years past many historians and geographers leaned toward the two-word name, Big Horn. The traditional use of two words when referring to the nearby Big Horn Mountains is still generally accepted.

him in the Bighorn Canyon. Violent rapids, he was told, threatened "destruction of the navigator; though a hardy trapper is said to have shot down them in a canoe." Irving's account didn't name the adventurous trapper, but in later years Jim Bridger claimed that he had made the dangerous run.

Bonneville's party followed the course of the Bighorn River through the length of the basin. "On reaching the second chain, called the Big Horn Mountains, where the river forced its impetuous way through a precipitous defile, with cascades and rapids, the travellers were obliged to leave its banks, and traverse the mountains by a rugged and frightful route, emphatically called 'Bad Pass,' " reported Irving. Once over the mountain, they descended to the bank of the river again and constructed keelboats to transport their furs on to market. Here, beyond the canyon, the river granted safe passage.

WHEN THE FUR BUSINESS DECLINED after 1840, the free-roving trappers were forced into new occupations, leaving further explorations to the government. Several parties of topographical engineers under the U.S. Army were sent on expeditions into the Bighorn area, often guided by ex-trappers. In 1859 Jim Bridger served as a guide for Capt. W. F. Raynolds of the Corps of Engineers. Their explorations included the Yellowstone River and its tributaries, and the Bighorn River with its mighty canyon.

This was not new territory to Bridger. Once he had led a squad of cavalry, in charge of a young and inexperienced officer, into the Big Horn Mountains. When they reached the Bighorn River, evidently within the canyon, they had to cross—a dilemma, since the river was swollen with melting ice. At first the officer insisted on directing the crossing himself; but after one man was drowned, he turned the operation over to Bridger.

Bridger supervised the building of a crude but strong boat and succeeded in stringing a stout cable over the river. The boat was attached and towed safely across, transporting in turn the men, horses, and equipment. Once on the other side, the officer assembled the men and had the chaplain offer thanks for a safe crossing. This brought a complaint from Bridger. "Darn his sanctimonious skin," he wrote later, "I felt as if I had something to do with the plan myself."

After the discovery of gold in Montana, the Bozeman Trail became a main thoroughfare from Fort Laramie to Virginia City. Forts were established at various points along the route to protect travelers from the Sioux and Cheyenne. The trail forded the Bighorn River three miles below the outlet of the canyon. Fort C. F. Smith was established nearby in 1866, with Jim Bridger assisting in establishing its location. And in the building of the fort, so it is told, an attempt was made to use the river to advantage. Large cottonwoods that grew along the Bighorn above the canyon were felled and floated through the canyon for use in construction, but by the end of that seventy-mile trip most of the logs were beaten to shreds. The canyon passage was more hindrance than help. Fort C. F. Smith was abandoned just two years later.

Since the prospector is often a taciturn loner, there are few records of early mining operations in the Bighorn Canyon. Gold-seekers were traveling the nearby Bozeman Trail, however, and some, dreaming of a new Alder Gulch, certainly investigated the Bighorn. Since the main canyon was inaccessible at both ends, such work was restricted to the mouths of the tributary streams.

Proof of early gold-seeking activities in the canyon was discovered in later years. In 1893 a party of adventurers found signs of placer workings at the mouth of Bull Elk. There they discovered a diversion ditch, along with decayed sluice boxes, rusted shovels and picks, and a camp kettle. Across the river was a dilapidated cabin, with a rusty dishpan hanging on the outside wall. But the visitors found no clues regarding the fate of the miners.

History tells of the Dubois party of Frenchmen who, in 1862, headed for the Big Horns after hearing of rich gold deposits in these mountains. They, too, were never heard of again. And there is the Lost Cabin Mine, that legendary find somewhere in the Big Horns, now lost forever. Perhaps the Bighorn Canyon, mysterious and secretive, conceals some of history's riddles.

In the winter of 1890–91, Edward Gillette, a locating engineer for the Burlington Railroad, led a survey party into the Bighorn Canyon area. This was now part of the Crow Indian Reservation, and the Indians and others told Gillette that he would find "a box canyon with numerous falls and rapids; that no one had ever been through it; and that the few who have ventured to make the trip have perished in the attempt."

Gillette decided to explore the length of the canyon on the ice. With N. E. Sharpe, who had been prospecting for gold in the region, Gillette set out on March 7, 1891, and later wrote what was probably the first detailed description of the Bighorn Canyon.

The surveying party was camped near the south end of the gorge, so Gillette and Sharpe entered from the upstream,

A visitor to the Bighorn Canyon before completion of Yellowtail Dam examines old cabin ruins, now submerged.

BOTH PAGES: WILLIAM D. GREENE

Wyoming end. They dragged camp equipment, supplies for six or seven days, and rifles and surveying instruments on a sled made of cottonwood poles. The temperature was twenty degrees below zero, and the ice on the river was three feet thick. In Gillette's account of their five-day trip, he noted the tributary streams and the formations in the limestone walls, including the Sentinel, the Tower (which he named), and Steamboat Point. At one point Sharpe tried panning for gold in the frigid water and found it in paying quantities. Wildlife abounded. A few pines grew above the mouths of the tributary streams, but in the canyon proper only cedars and juniper had acquired a tenuous foothold.

A game trail and a good ford, the only one in the canyon, crossed the river a little more than fifteen miles below the entrance. Here the main canyon widened and the sheer walls gave way briefly to gentler slopes. Perhaps this was where Jim Bridger had managed the crossing with the cavalry in 1859.

Because of deep snow on the ice, Gillette and Sharpe made slow progress. The rapids were free of ice and the men had to make difficult portages. At places they waded ankle-deep in skin-chilling water that had overflowed the ice, and they broke through a number of times, luckily always in shallow areas. In the lower part of the canyon the two men found the wildest rapids of the journey. Here the river narrowed from two or three hundred feet to forty. Warm springs had melted the ice, so the sled had to be abandoned and the supplies backpacked.

On the last day the explorers had to scramble over boulders and cliffs along the side of the river. Reaching the outlet, boxed in by sheer perpendicular walls, they found dangerously thin ice. With no other way out, they lay flat and, connected by a rope, squirmed one at a time across the cracking ice. Finally they made it to safety, leaving behind what seemed a world of ages past.

Heading back to base camp the next day, the two explorers followed the Old Sioux Trail. At that time Gillette found the trail still well marked, the dragging tepee poles of the Indians having cleared the brush from a strip thirty to forty feet wide in places. Rock cairns also marked the route. It is said that each caravan migrating between the Yellowstone and Bighorn valleys tossed aside a few rocks, thus building up these still-visible landmarks over a period of hundreds of years.

Gillette's trip was truly historic, and he was deeply impressed by this heretofore mysterious chasm, declaring that "every bend of the river reveals something new and nothing commonplace is found throughout the entire length of the cañon."

BY THIS TIME the Ashley shipment of furs through the canyon and Jim Bridger's daring canoe trip had apparently been forgotten. For soon more than one man claimed the honor of being the first down the Bighorn Canyon by boat.

Dr. G. W. Barry used this boat to carry thrill-seekers through the Bighorn Canyon in the early 1900s.

According to Gillette, two other Burlington Railroad men, T. E. Calvert and M. W. Ensign, were the first, apparently making the trip shortly after Gillette's walk on the ice. Gillette offered no details concerning that voyage, but he did publish the tales of two other parties who ventured down the canyon by boat.

The first group consisted of W. G. Griffen, James P. and Thomas Robinson, and J. W. Newell. These were the adventurers who, at McDonald's Ferry just below Sheep Canyon, had received the ominous warnings of local citizens. The party had left Sheridan, Wyoming, in August 1893, and with a month's provisions, had crossed the Big Horns in a covered wagon. Reaching Shell Creek, they built a boat of rough pine lumber, flat-bottomed with square ends, sixteen feet long and twelve inches deep. Embarking in Shell Creek, they soon reached the Bighorn and safely essayed Sheep Canyon.

Once in Bighorn Canyon the party avoided disaster by judicious use of steering poles and by easing their craft over the rapids with ropes. They survived the supernatural dangers of the gorge as well. "The unearthly sounds," they reported, came from the roar of the rapids being reflected by the walls of the canyon, which acted as a sounding board. The sounds "are startling, being unusual and cause one to imagine them as coming from an unknown animal of enormous size."

At the last rapids in the canyon the boat capsized, then wedged itself between two rocks. The boatmen succeeded in freeing the craft and floated out of the canyon, where they were met by a teamster who asked in surprise, "Are you still alive?"

The promise of adventure in the Bighorn Canyon was sure to lure other daring souls. In July of 1903, two Harvard students, Alexander and Gerrit Forbes, determined to venture through the canyon. They bought a heavy, low-sided boat

Coninued on page 62

A Matter of Opinion

"Renaissance on the Reservation": Two Readers' Views

TO THE EDITOR:

In "Renaissance on the Reservation" (THE AMERICAN WEST, January 1974), Clyde D. Dollar has provided some thought-provoking insights into problems facing the Indians of South Dakota's Rosebud Reservation, in particular, and other reserves in general. Yet his meanderings into Indian history and culture are vague and sometimes unsound. He writes of "racial extermination" of Indian people as a rejected alternative policy, but hardly acknowledges the fact of cultural genocide which persisted for half a century after the 1870s, during which time native religions were outlawed, languages and customs abused, and tribal governments undermined.

Dollar views the Dawes Act of 1887 as a "compromise measure" designed to prevent further reduction of Indian lands. An alien ownership concept for tribesmen that promoted cultural discord, the measure was indeed a compromise, but one hinging on a coalition of humanitarians and land speculators that culminated in the Indians' loss of eighty-six million acres up to 1934, when allotment ended. Nor did the Dawes Act "still the clamor" for acquiring tribal land, as the 1889 bill contemplating the breakup of the Sioux Reservation showed. By providing for relinquishment of unallotted lands, the legislation netted whites approximately eleven million acres of Sioux land.

An interesting point Dollar makes is connected with inheritance. He shows that income sharing on a given land tract fragments the patrimony to the point of diminishing return. This situation should be examined ethnohistorically to see if land ownership concepts carried over from pre-reservation days have caused this inheritance sharing. The reader cannot escape the impression that it may be in part an attempt to reconcile common ownership of the fruits of the land with a concept of individually-owned land parcels.

Despite such thought-provoking discussions, Dollar occasionally displays naïveté in his perception of past Plains Indian society in its conflict with Anglo-American society. He asserts, for example, that "having learned lessons in Indian dealings while the nation was yet limited to the eastern seacoast, the early western penetrators tried to apply these same lessons to the western tribes and failed, sometimes miserably. The sedentary eastern tribes had developed their governments into hierarchies with defined scope, authority, and responsibilities." Still further, he says: "In the West, Indian governments were totally different, and past experiences in dealing with tribes generally proved futile. . . ." Without commenting on the merits of his characterization of eastern tribal governments, we wonder what contrasts he sees. We see little difference in Indian dealings, east as opposed to west. We see no significant differences in degrees of success. Further, to call the eastern Indians "sedentary" is a misreading of ethnohistory. We would hardly call the Chippewa, Potawatomi, Sauk, Fox, or Shawnee bands sedentary. Planting corn and seasonally returning to harvest it hardly betokens a settled existence in the Anglo sense. Returning to the implied differential success achieved, where is the difference between forcibly removing the Cherokee, Choctaw, Chickasaw, Creek, and Seminole to Oklahoma, and forcibly settling Plains tribes on reservations of restricted acreage?

As to dealing with tribal governments in the East as opposed to the West, negotiation with leaders who did not represent unanimous tribal opinion was not unique to the Plains. McIntosh, the Creek leader, certainly did not speak for all the Creeks any more than Spotted Tail spoke for all the Brule Sioux. And—on the general subject of leadership, we object to Dollar's characterization of it in the Plains. There were numerous routes to leadership, and in the literature—historical as well as ethnographic—we do not see the "rather bald form of bribery" Dollar sees. Gifts and generosity played a part, certainly, but one needs only read such literature as Wallace and Hoebel's *The Commanches* to see clearly the value system that elevated a man to chiefdom. Central to it was success as a warrior. Gift-giving and generosity were leaderly attributes, but distinguished deeds as a warrior came first, and brought wealth and status. Only then could the leader give gifts; but he was already established through warriorly prowess.

While his appraisal of the economic problems experienced on today's reservations is incisive, Dollar conveys further naïveté towards tribal social traditions. His conclusion that such surviving elements as the give-away prove detrimental to modern Indian life smacks of ethnocentric blindness to spiritual necessities important for tribal unity and identity. These elements transcend the materialistic expectations most Anglo-Americans share today; to a large degree, social solidarity, indeed, the very survival of Indian people stems from their perpetuation. They must endure within the cultural framework, albeit with modifications as conditions change.

Wilfred D. Logan, Archaeologist
Jerome A. Greene, Historian
U.S. National Park Service, Denver, Colorado

A MATTER OF OPINION *is provided as an open forum. Contributions from our readers are invited, but should be limited to 750 words and must be signed.*

Francis Lee Jaques: Artist of the Wilderness World

REVIEWED BY ERWIN N. THOMPSON

ENVIRONMENTAL PAINTER Francis Lee Jaques ("Jay-quees") died in 1969 at age eighty-one. In his lifetime he created works of sensitive beauty that will last an eternity. For twenty years he designed

Francis Lee Jaques: Artist of the Wilderness World by Florence Page Jaques, foreword by Roger Tory Peterson *(Doubleday, Garden City, N.Y., 1973; 370 pp., illus., appen., index, $25.00).*

and painted the magnificent dioramas still to be seen in the American Museum of Natural History in New York. His habitat groups may also be found in the James Ford Bell Museum of Natural History, Minneapolis; the Welder Wildlife Research Station near Sinton, Texas; and in another half-dozen museums scattered from Connecticut to Nebraska. He also left a legacy of splendid oil paintings of the natural world (sixty-four of which are presented in this book in full color) and dramatic black-and-white drawings (one hundred in the book) in pencil, pen and ink, but mostly on scratchboard.

Born in Illinois in 1887, Jaques moved to Kansas with his father at the age of twelve. His ability to draw appeared early in life. The book includes a sketch that Jaques did at six; his skill in perspective and detail at that young age is awesome. His formal education was limited, and he experienced the hard manual labor of farming at an early age. During this time he first became fascinated with the vast migrations of birds over the Kansas prairie. He was a hunter in his youth, but he abandoned this activity later in life. When sixteen, Jaques moved to Minnesota, a land of lakes and forest that he was to love all his life. Once on his own, he became a railroad hand and, later, an electrician. He was drafted in World War I and got to see San Francisco and southern France as an artilleryman. After the war he tried commercial art and taxidermy. In Duluth he received some training in working in oils from artist Clarence

C. Rosenkranz. In 1924, at age thirty-seven, he sent some of his oils of birds to Dr. Frank Chapman, the famous curator of birds at the American Museum of Natural History. Lee Jaques was finally on his way.

His wife, Florence Page Jaques, who died before this stunning memorial to her husband was published, also made the world richer by her being. Between 1938 and 1951 she and Lee published six books about the wilderness that met with critical acclaim (she did the writing; her husband made the illustrations): *Canoe Country* (1938), *The Geese Fly High* (1939), *Birds Across the Sky* (1942), *Snowshoe Country* (1944), *Canadian Spring* (1947), and *As Far as the Yukon* (1951). Unintentionally, but fittingly, this book about her husband is as much a tribute to Florence Jaques as it is to Jaques himself.

The paintings and sketches are powerful messages of truth and beauty. Jaques succeeded in capturing the spirit of birds and animals as well as an accuracy of their appearance and behavior. In contrast to some other artists, he succeeded in placing his subjects *in* their natural environment, rather than in front or on top of it. (John James Audubon often employed other artists to paint in limited amounts of flora.) Jaques's paintings capture the vast distances and the loneliness of the wilderness and, occasionally, of man's humble works in the West. Jaques had an uncanny ability to observe and retain the fleeting changes of sunrises, the many moods created by water, the unconscious patterns found in the natural world. The viewer of this handsome book will probably find himself involved in the hopeless task of choosing his favorite oil. Jaques rarely failed in his work.

Florence Jaques wrote an uncluttered, only lightly sentimental, touching biography of her husband for this memorial volume. In so doing, she disclosed much of herself: a sensitive writer of persons and things, a delightfully witty and humorous companion to her husband, an exceptionally capable recorder of the wilderness world, and an individual of great creative power in her own right. Ornithologists and museum people will be fascinated by her word sketches of their professional associates. In addition to her 110-page narrative, the editors have wisely chosen to include selections from all six of Jaques's books.

This volume contains contributions from some half dozen other writers: a foreword by Roger Tory Peterson, memorials by Sigurd F. Olson and Harriet Buchheister, and views on Jaques's work by Jerome P. Connolly and Robert G. Larson. Even Jaques's journals of trips to the South Pacific are included. (Jaques was not a great writer; his literary skill offered no threat to his artistic work.)

Of the sixty-four oils this reader's favorites are "Grappling Eagles," "Shadow of the Raven," "Return of the Voyageurs," "The Passing of the Old West," and. . . . This handsome production, which was printed in Japan, is more than a "coffee-table book." It is a thing of beauty. It is food for the spirit in this time of turmoil.

Erwin N. Thompson *is a research historian in the Denver Service Center, National Park Service. He has written on the military in the West, the fur trade, and the Oregon Country.*

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The Early Sunset Magazine 1898–1928

REVIEWED BY DONALD E. BOWER

PERHAPS, IF NOT OVERSHADOWED by the Energy Crisis or the Environmental Crisis or future Watergates, the decade of the seventies might be recorded by social historians as being the age of nostalgia, when people preferred to look to the past rather than to the future. For those of us who fall into the category of "nostalgia-nuts," this anthology of excerpts from *Sunset Magazine* during the period of 1898 (the beginning) to 1928 (the end of "early" *Sunset*), provides hours of delightful reading and days of sentimental reflection on the "good old days."

The Early Sunset Magazine 1898–1928 edited by Paul C. Johnson *(California Historical Society, San Francisco, 1973; 240 pp., intro., illus., notes, dates of advertisements, $4.95, paper).*

As most erudite Californians know, *Sunset* observed its first sunrise as a promotional pamphlet for the Southern Pacific railroad, and its mission was to convince the uninformed easterner that he should travel to this great western empire to seek fame and fortune or, at least, to enjoy the scenic and climactic wonders of the golden land. Eventually, the magazine became a reputable, professional publication and names of now-famous writers began to appear. During that thirty-year span before the magazine was purchased by L. W. Lane, Sr., to save it from bankruptcy, its pages carried such by-lines as Jack London, Bret Harte, Sinclair Lewis, Zane Grey, James Thurber, Dashiell Hammett . . . almost a "Who's Who" of magazine writers of the early twentieth century.

Paul Johnson, who edited the volume, had a sensitivity for his task, not only for the selections, but also for the advertising illustrations he has used. And I'm sure it was not coincidental that he often included articles that seem sometimes prophetic, and sometimes relevant. A few examples: From the August 1922 issue, an article entitled, "How Long Will Our Gasoline Supply Last?" From the June 1909 issue, "The Hetch-Hetchy Problem." The December 1921 issue included what was perhaps the first article on the subject of mobile homes, entitled, "An Auto Home." Resembling a crackerbox on a Model T frame, the vehicle, so said the author, "is an interesting example of ingenuity, compact, convenient, practical, equipped for actual housekeeping."

One of the early advertisements reads, "The Cawston Ostrich Farm and Feather Factory—One of the Most Interesting Spots in Southern California." Another, dramatically headlined, "A Fortune for You in Eucalyptus," offered an opportunity to purchase "five acres of land growing 2500 trees for $250 per acre, less 10% for cash."

An occasional article comes as a refreshing reminder that, in spite of our sophistication and our sallies into outer space, certain universals remain. According to Miriam Michelson, "Such a constant quality is man's world-old tirade against woman's garments, his perennial disposition to blame her clothing for the sins of him." So began the article, entitled "The Terrible Consequences of Clothing —With Women Inside of It" (February 1915 issue).

There is more than material in the lighthearted vein. Some of the articles concerning the San Francisco earthquake are fascinating contemporary accounts; the quality of some of the writing, as in Erle Stanley Gardner's short story, "Beyond the Limit" (April 1925), and Jack London's "The Wit of Porportuk" (February 1910) is superb, causing a momentary sigh of regret that such a magazine as the old *Sunset* has disappeared in the West.

Donald E. Bower *is editor of* THE AMERICAN WEST *and author of* Roaming the American West.

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The West: An American Experience

REVIEWED BY ED HOLM

THIS MAGNIFICENT ALBUM of photographs from the Old West presents the reader with a vivid, totally new view of the American frontier during the latter half of the nineteenth century. Almost every one of the nearly two hundred carefully chosen pictures in David R. Phillips and Robert A. Weinstein's large-format volume appears in print here for the very first time. The several photographers whose work is documented (two or three of these must now be regarded as major figures) have until now been virtually unknown. And the technical quality of the images is of a standard seldom attained even today.

The West: An American Experience by David R. Phillips with commentary by Robert A. Weinstein (*Henry Regnery Co., Chicago, 1973; 232 pp., illus., index, $25.00*).

That we have such a fresh look at this well-trodden aspect of American history is due to the persistent searching and technical skill of Chicago historian-photographer David R. Phillips, whose special passion is the collecting of old glass-plate negatives. In a race against time and the junkman, Phillips has over the years located and rescued more than sixty thousand of these fragile and too-often neglected images from nooks and crannies throughout the West.

In making prints from these old negatives Phillips has carried darkroom procedures light-years beyond those practiced by the original craftsmen. The "wet plate" or collodion negative—a photographic emulsion of cellulose nitrate, ether, and alcohol coated on a sheet of clear glass and exposed and developed while still damp—has a remarkable ability to hold minute detail. And, while camera lenses of the wet-plate era (1851–1880s) were crude in comparison to those employed today, the use of small apertures and the steadying influence of the tripod enabled photographers to capture such minutiae much of the time. Unfortunately for nineteenth-century viewers, this happy quality was of little practical value: photographs almost invariably were "contact" prints the same exact size as the original negatives.

Now, through the use of modern enlarging techniques and equipment, Phillips has extracted these hidden images. In *The West*, for example, several tiny stereoptican plates of midwestern street scenes during the 1860s have been blown up into spectacular two-page, thirteen-by-twenty-inch illustrations—and there is even one eye-boggling foldout nearly forty inches across.

In preparing the text and captions for *The West*, Phillips has recruited the able assistance of Robert A. Weinstein, Los Angeles museum consultant and co-author of several other fine picture histories. Weinstein's long experience qualifies him as perhaps the country's leading authority on early western photography, and his perceptive commentary in this book imbues the work with an added dimension that probes far beneath the surface of each image.

The range of subjects in *The West* is somewhat less comprehensive than implied in the rather ambitious title, but the cumulative effect of what is there gives us perhaps the best view yet of life in the western territories. The book is divided into five units of roughly equal length. The first chapter, aptly titled "Jumping-Off Place," presents an intensely detailed portrait of Leavenworth, Kansas, during that town's heyday as railhead on the Missouri River and departure point for overland pioneers. Several photographers are represented (Phillips has *forty thousand* negatives of Leavenworth), but it is the work of E. E. Henry that stands out. An Englishman who learned his craft in France soon after the invention of the daguerreotype, Henry settled in Leavenworth in 1864 and remained there until his death in 1917. It is in the street views by Henry that Phillips' darkroom magic is at its best, and few pictures will ever hold the reader's attention for as long as these tremendously detailed panoramas of wide muddy streets and rows of shops, with every sign and placard, every store front demanding inspection.

Succeeding chapters, "Where Clean Winds Blew" and "Hard-Rock Country," take the reader on a swift-moving tour of the raw frontier, ranging from the narrow adobe-flanked streets of old Santa Fe to the jerry-built mining camps of the Northwest. Two photographers impress us here—Joseph E. Smith and Silas Melander. The human subjects of Smith's photographs tend toward stiffness, but these carefully posed figures are merely actors decorating a stage. It is the settings that fascinate us—the flag-and-carcass-bedecked interior of a Socorro, New Mexico, butcher shop; the claustrophobia-inducing stope of a hard-rock mine. Melander's pictures, by contrast, are alive with humanity. An intimate family scene in a Deadwood, South Dakota, cabin lingers in the mind long after the page is turned, and a picture of a traveling stove salesman peddling his wares is charged with latent humor.

Two remaining chapters, "The Dispossessed," with outstanding views of Indians on a Montana reservation, and "The Land Subdued," showing wheat farm and ranch scenes, bring the chronicle to its logical conclusion.

The West is not without faults. The design of the book, which emulates that of the 1968 pictorial *American Album*, appears at times hastily executed and suffers in comparison with that of the American Heritage volume. Captions occasionally fail to identify the photographer and some are poorly placed. Several photographs of the post-frontier West introduce a jarring note: the book should have ended six pages sooner. And seven introductory pages of biographies unfortunately tend to confuse the reader: the longest of these (1½ pages) highly lauds a photographer who is represented in the book by just one photograph, while N. A. Forsyth, whose fine Indian portraits dominate the Indian section, is not mentioned at all.

Despite such failings, *The West: An American Experience* is the best of its genre. It is a crystal-clear picture window into the past; a time machine with a thirteen-by-twenty-inch viewing screen.

Ed Holm *is managing editor of* THE AMERICAN WEST.

The Archaeology of Arizona: A Study of the Southwest Region

REVIEWED BY DEE F. GREEN

OCCASIONALLY students of archaeology are treated to a volume destined to become a classic. Paul Martin and Fred Plog have written such a book, one that will not only revolutionize archaeology in the Southwest but which also will serve as a model for similar feats in areas throughout the world.

The Archaeology of Arizona: A Study of the Southwest Region by Paul S. Martin and Fred Plog *(Doubleday/Natural History Press, Garden City, N.Y., 1973; 423 pp., illus., map, charts, biblio., appen., index, $16.95).*

Traditionally, archaeologists have been most successful at answering the when and where questions about the past; the hows and whys of human behavior have been largely relegated to speculation. During the last decade, however, a profound change has taken place. Archaeologists have developed a scientific approach to the understanding of human behavior, based on the testing of relevant hypotheses—thus expressing a new concern for models that *explain* rather than simply describe what has occurred.

Nowhere has this "new" or "processual" archaeology been more evident than in the researches of the Field Museum of Natural History. Under the direction of Dr. Martin, the prehistory of the upper Little Colorado drainage in east-central Arizona has been investigated using processual approaches. And in this volume, the authors present the first overview of a processual or systemic explanation of past human behavior.

The volume is divided into eight parts. Martin begins part one by providing a background to archaeological research in Arizona. He lists various surveys and excavations of importance as well as explaining the assumptions and procedures used by archaeologists in the past. In part two Plog discusses both the present-day environmental settings and what is known about past environments as a prelude to the strong cultural ecology cast which characterizes the authors' later explanations of Arizona prehistory.

Combining their talents in part three, Martin and Plog provide a space-time framework for prehistoric cultures in Arizona. In most textbooks such material forms the meat-and-potatoes chapters—the reason for writing the book in the first place—and involves sequences and hoary lists of artifact descriptions. Here, however, the authors have mercifully provided a fine summary without the excruciating detail which usually reduces other tomes to lists of things and items. This has been accomplished primarily by reducing the whole of southwestern culture into four periods: Paleo-Indians, Desert Culture, Pit House Dwellers, and Pueblo and Town Dwellers. Paring the post-Desert Culture occupation to two periods will undoubtedly have traditionalists screaming through the halls of academia. Southwestern archaeologists have a holy tradition of inventing new phases for every little geographical region, and designations have now reached a point of absurdity. Martin and Plog are to be congratulated for simplifying the whole business and pulling space-time systematics back where they belong as tools for explaining the past rather than as an end in themselves.

In parts four through six the authors focus on settlement systems, technology, and social organization. Their view is evolutionary and explanations are framed, for the most part, with cultural ecology models. Martin and Plog take pains to point out that diffusion is not a satisfactory explanation of cultural phenomena but rather is a phenomena which itself needs explaining. Such departures from tradition set this book apart from others in its field.

Explanation again is emphasized in part seven which is concerned with agriculture, the forming of great towns, and their subsequent abandonment. The authors are very aware of the need for additional work since it was only in the last decade that archaeologists began to systematically collect data for processual studies. Nor do they provide simplistic explanations of the past. Plog's hypothesis concerning so-called pueblo abandonment is the best attempt to deal with the problem to date. Rather than simply writing it off as a result of nomadic invasion or drought, he offers an hypothesis based on a dynamic stress model involving population, environmental, and organizational factors. While the hypothesis is complex, it is more apt to represent reality than other, over-simplified notions offered to date. Unlike most other theories, Plog's abandonment hypothesis is testable since it requires explaining changes in a system rather than the search for origins of a phenomena.

Part eight brings together a chapter by Plog on an evolutionary model for explaining prehistory with chapters by Martin on a diffusionist model and on the relevance of archaeology for contemporary problems. Plog's chapter is required reading for any archaeologist who adopts the processual framework as his research orientation, while for the non-archaeologist it holds the key to understanding the theoretical underpinnings of modern archaeology. This chapter is the core of the whole book and is destined to be quoted and used extensively for years to come.

The volume is weak only in that the major emphasis and examples come from the upper Little Colorado River. This is due, however, to the area's status as the site of relevant work, not because the authors have neglected other parts of the state without purpose. In fact, given the present position of archaeology, this volume could not have been written with any other geographical emphasis, nor indeed for any state except Arizona.

Martin and Plog offer new and healthy directions in this volume, which may serve as scientific text or general reader. I repeat, a classic is born.

Dee F. Green, *an archaeologist with the U.S. Forest Service, has researched and written on archaeology in Utah, Illinois, Arkansas, and Mexico.*

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Zane Grey by Carlton Jackson *(Twayne, New York, 1973; 175 pp., map, biblio., notes, index, chronology, $5.50).*

REVIEWED BY WILLIAM K. ZELLMER

IN THIS CONCISE little book, author Carlton Jackson attempts a rationale by which novelist Zane Grey's literary contributions may be evaluated. Jackson leaves the question largely unanswered but argues convincingly that Grey was, and remains, a grand entertainer, a phenomenally prolific and successful author.

Jackson makes a critical but generally sympathetic study of Grey's most popular efforts while contending that the author should be judged on his entire record and not merely by his more widely recognized novels. His book should be a valuable tool in any research into the effect of this American writer upon our understanding of the West.

In his delineation of the men and women of the West, Grey created a mythology that he felt the nonwesterner wanted to believe, while drawing a realistic picture of the land itself. When he fictionalized actual events, he went one step further, often maligning facts relentlessly.

Yet this practice appears to have been common enough in Grey's era, and Jackson gives him a prominent position among western historians, partly because Grey, unlike many of his colleagues and successors, attacked numerous historical and contemporary social ills.

Almost in hindsight, Jackson permits us a glimpse of the man who practiced dentistry in hated New York City to gain the financial independence necessary for his endless travels and subsequent writing. Interestingly, his early occupation also spawned one of the many recurring themes of his works, that of the weakling easterner transformed into a rugged individualist by moving into the West, often with the aid of an infallible woman.

Grey paid to have his first novel, with a Revolutionary War setting, published. Even after he had completed his first western, he was told by an editor at Harper and Row (he later became the company's best-selling author) that he could not write. He was plunged into despair but pulled himself out of it (with the aid of his own infallible wife, Dolly), sold the book, and used the experience as a springboard for still another theme, that victory can be gained from adversity. Throughout his career, Grey was beset by publication woes and periodically thrown into black depression by the barbed pens of eastern critics who belittled him for melodramatic and hackneyed plots, stereotyped characters, and stilted writing. But with his books selling more than forty million copies (they were still selling a million per year in the 1960s) and making him a wealthy, celebrated author, Grey learned to live with his critics.

Jackson pictures Grey as an often naive man but also an author of indefatigable persistence, curiosity, and energy, whose special vision of the West continues to entertain millions of readers decades after his death.

William K. Zellmer *is city editor of the* Sarasota *(Florida)* Herald-Tribune.

Unknown Mexico by Carl Lumholtz *(Rio Grande, Glorieta, N.M., 1973; 1026 pp., 2 vols., intro., illus., maps, appen., index, $40.00).*

REVIEWED BY HARRY C. JAMES

THOSE WHO HAVE a sincere interest in Mexico and a sympathetic affection for her peoples will be glad to know that at long last Carl Lumholtz's classic *Unknown Mexico* is again available.

To the four-wheel-drive enthusiasts who are making known much of "unknown Mexico," Lumholtz's book can still serve as an invaluable guide through the mine of information it contains which can be obtained nowhere else.

First published in 1902 by Charles Scribner's Sons, the two massive volumes have become virtually unobtainable at any price by even the most astute of dealers in rare books.

To speak of this edition by the Rio Grande Press as a reprint would be misleading. The original text is both updated and enriched by two introductions, one by Dr. Thomas B. Hinton of the Department of Anthropology of the University of Arizona and the second by the publisher, Dr. Robert B. McCoy. Even the format is an improvement over the 1902 edition. The attractive hardcover binding makes use of ancient Mexican-Indian decorations in three colors. The page size is larger and more readable than the original, and copious illustrations of the earlier edition have been augmented with many full-page color photographs made specifically for this edition. The end sheets are a spectacular color view of the Barranca de Cobre.

Carl Lumholtz (1851–1922) was a Norwegian ethnologist, and *Unknown Mexico* is a record of the five years he devoted to exploration among the Tarahumare, Tepehuane, Cora, Huichol, Tarasco, and Aztec Indians. This work, under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History of New York, was carried on at the end of the nineteenth century. With a few mules, Mexican muleteers, and a variety of Indian guides Lumholtz made his way largely along the Sierra Madre from Fronteras to Mexico City. Although he lived almost entirely on tortillas and beans, and much of the time was weakened by malaria, his zest never seems to have deserted him.

His account of the spectacular and involved Hikuli (peyote) ceremonial of the Huichol Indians is certainly the classic record of one of the most amazing religious activities of any North American Indian tribe. His objectivity makes much modern writing on the Indians' use of hullucinatory plants seem sadly trifling.

Lumholtz collected ethnological data and artifacts with diligence, but the horizons of his interests were far wider than even those of his chosen discipline. Nothing seems to have escaped his knowing eye. Small but interesting incidents of travel, as well as accounts of his major experiences in camp, on the trail, and while living in various Indian villages are all set down in such a way as to make his book of consuming interest to the general reader.

Harry C. James *has written several books and articles on the Hopi and Cahuilla Indians. His* Pages From Hopi History *is in the process of publication by the University of Arizona Press.*

America in Legend: Folklore from the Colonial Period to the Present by Richard M. Dorson *(Pantheon Books, New York, 1973; 336 pp., illus., biblio., notes, index, $15.00).*

REVIEWED BY DR. JOHN T. FLANAGAN

RICHARD DORSON'S most recent study of American folklore is a survey of legends (prose tales) from colonial times to the contemporary drug culture. The volume has a basic triple division which carefully relates the folklore of typical or symbolic figures: Religious Man, Democratic Man, Economic Man. Originally Puritan minister and layman alike accepted remarkable providences without undue skepticism. In the early national period the Yankee bumpkin Jonathan and backwoodsmen roisterers like Mike Fink and Davy Crockett reached prominence. Later in the nineteenth century occupational figures like the lumberjack, cowboy, miner, and railroader provided the focus for tales, anecdotes, and ballads. Most of this material is hardly new yet the supplementary evidence is fresh and vivid.

Dorson provides an excellent historical background for his study and carefully documents his quotations. But his allocation of space seems a bit eccentric. Casey Jones, Sam Patch, Gib Morgan, Mose the Bowery b'hoy, and Sam Bass are given substantial discussion whereas there are only single allusions to such legendary figures as Johnny Appleseed, Jesse James, Joe Hill, and John Henry. The book reveals an almost frenetic hostility to the Paul Bunyan story despite general popular awareness of the mythical giant logger today. It is also hard to understand the omission of Constance Rourke's name in text or sources since her *American Humor* (1931) is a seminal discussion of both the Yankee Jonathan and the braggart backwoodsman. In addition, Dorson has eliminated the American Indian entirely, has virtually ignored the sailor, and has dismissed Negro and ethnic immigrant lore as outside the main stream of majority culture.

The final section is a miscellany of anecdotes and newspaper reports of the hippie and drug culture relating chiefly to the West Coast, and including tales of Ken Kesey and his Merry Pranksters. This material has seldom been collected and is both fresh and frank. But since it is all strictly contemporary one wonders about the validity of the label folklore. Certainly it has not existed long enough to be called traditional.

America in Legend is an attractive book with excellent illustrations: portraits of folk heroes, reproductions of paintings, sketches of occupational activities like mining, oil drilling, and cattle driving. The typographical variety is, however, somewhat disconcerting, varying from the small print usually found on insurance policies to fonts almost suitable to users of Braille. The format, apparently designed for the Christmas coffee table, belies the solid substance of a book rich in American legendry.

Dr. John T. Flanagan—*former Fulbright lecturer and professor of English at University of Illinois—is author of several books and more than a hundred articles.*

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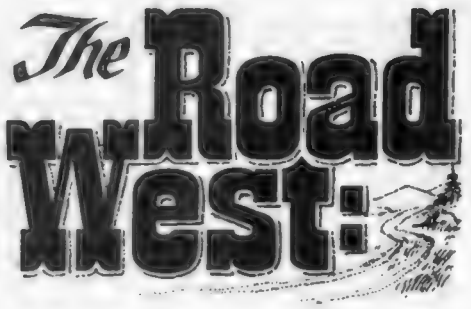

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Give Your Heart to the Hawks: A Tribute to the Mountain Men by Winfred Blevins *(Nash, Los Angeles, 1973; 349 pp., illus., maps, biblio., notes, glossary, chronology, index, $8.95).*

REVIEWED BY JON C. BOWER

AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER, every scholar of Western Americana has been struck by one overpowering and singular longing: to have seen the trackless majesty of the "Shining Mountains" before their subsequent subdivision into one-acre lots. Such an exuberant craving to return to and relive the days of the fur trappers has inspired Winfred Blevins's *Give Your Heart to the Hawks.*

Blevins states in the preface that he has not attempted to write a concise history of the fur trade era. He has, rather, presented us with a series of tales and anecdotes from that period which add up to a personal tribute to the far wanderings and deeds of a small number of eccentric men who paved the way for what would become known as Manifest Destiny. On the whole, Blevins's book presents an admirable introduction to the fur trade for any who do not feel an inclination to view the period for its cultural, historical, and economical ramifications. Between each chapter of tales and events from the trapping era the author includes what he calls an interlude. These interludes are intended to provide insights into the everyday lives of the mountain men. They range from "Mountain Craft," which describes the skills required of a trapper, to "Mountain Mating," dealing with his relationships with distaff members of Indian tribes.

Blevins seems a bit preoccupied with relating his tales in the dialect of the mountains (a feat rarely successful unless you happen to be a Bernard DeVoto or a Stanley Vestal), but he has managed to instill his work with some of the flavor of the period. Although there are a few minor inconsistencies and errors, they may readily be overlooked and forgiven as they are not glaring, and stem from an overzealousness on Blevins's part as he earnestly attempts to present the mountain men to general readers.

Jon C. Bower *of Steamboat Springs, Colorado, is a folksinger, student, and writer of western history.*

The Diplomacy of Annexation: Texas, Oregon, and the Mexican War by David M. Pletcher *(University of Missouri, Columbia, 1973; 656 pp., maps, biblio., notes, index, $20.00).*

REVIEWED BY JOHN PORTER BLOOM

DAVID M. PLETCHER has put it all together. *The Diplomacy of Annexation* will be the standard in this field of study, and this the title by which the author will be best known in the future. He has not only taken full advantage of the multitude of monographs that have accumulated over the years relating to the annexation of Texas and Oregon, and the war of 1846–48, but he has also added his own extensive investigations into original sources on both sides of the Atlantic, and finally distilled and integrated it all into a comprehensive, factual account.

The book is divided into four sections, roughly chronological: the background of 1815–42, the annexation of Texas, 1843–45, the interweaving of the Oregon and the Río Grande boundary problems, 1845–46, and "The Winning of the West, 1846–48." No startling new ideas or discoveries are offered here, and no exciting style of writing. The things to admire are the balance, thoroughness, and authority of Pletcher's account, set forth in clear language bolstered by numerous footnotes that are both reassuring to scholarship and interesting.

The sometimes enigmatic President James K. Polk is of course the central figure of most of this study, and the author's balance can be demonstrated in comparing this treatment with that of other recent writers. Recognizing that Polk did indeed want to acquire western lands, Pletcher nevertheless disposes fairly of the overdrawn "plot historian" thesis on the War of 1846–48 exemplified in Glenn Price's *Origins of the War with Mexico.* He sees improvisation as the key to Polk's policy in 1845. A work so massive as Pletcher's must be subject to some small errors—maps and index are substandard—but the positive values are so great as to overshadow these.

John Porter Bloom, *president of the Western History Association, is editor,* The Territorial Papers of the U.S., *and senior specialist for western history at the National Archives, Washington, D.C.*

Braves and Buffalo—Plains Indian Life in 1837: Watercolours of Alfred J. Miller edited by Hugh A. Taylor with notes by Miller and introduction by Michael Bell *(University of Toronto, 1973; 176 pp., illus., $15.00).*

REVIEWED BY FRANCIS HAINES, SR.

A BOON TO WESTERN HISTORY buffs is *Braves and Buffalo* with its forty color reproductions of some of the finest paintings of Alfred Jacob Miller, a young American who left New Orleans in 1837 for the western plains and Rocky Mountains with Capt. William Drummond Stewart. The visiting Scotsman wanted a painter to make sketches of his expedition, the mountains, fur men, Indians, and wildlife. On the five-month journey Miller made hundreds of sketches with copious notes on most of them. It is unfortunate that both the original sketches and notes have since been lost, but many drawings and paintings Miller made from the sketches, accompanied by revised notes, have been saved.

After his return, Miller painted a large number of pictures for Captain Stewart and other patrons over a period of thirty years. He recreated the same scenes several times, varying the composition and coloring, and seemingly rewrote his notes for each new customer. *Braves and Buffalo* features a group of forty paintings made in 1867 for Alexander Brown of Liverpool, which are now in the Public Archives of Canada. It is interesting to compare these compositions and notes with those from the William T. Walters collection painted in 1858–60 reproduced in Marvin C. Ross's *The West of Alfred Jacob Miller.*

The introduction to the collection contains a few obvious minor errors that have nothing to do with the quality of the pictures. For instance, the text speaks of pack horses laden with trade goods although the records and Miller's pictures show a caravan of wagons. Also Michael Bell has inadvertently planted the seeds of the fur trade just after its actual collapse, but these faults detract very little from a book of outstanding merit.

Francis Haines, Sr., *is a retired history professor residing in Sun City, Arizona. His books include* The Buffalo, Horses in America, *and* The Nez Perces.

Santiago Vidaurri and the Southern Confederacy by Ronnie C. Tyler *(Texas State Historical Association, Austin, 1973; 196 pp., illus., map, biblio., notes, index, $8.00).*

REVIEWED BY WARREN A. BECK

SANTIAGO VIDAURRI was a regional caudillo who dominated northern Mexico during the pivotal years from 1855 to 1864. Initially governor of Nuevo León, he soon annexed the state of Coahuila. He had legal control of Tamaulipas and was a power in Chihuahua, San Luis Potosí, and Durango as well. Ostensibly a liberal, he broke with President Juarez at a critical moment and joined the French empire of Maximilian—and was finally executed as a traitor to Mexico. As the author points out, Vidaurri "always guarded his own position first, and that of the people of Nuevo León second," while the federal government ranked third at best. This study fully examines the forces which made possible a separate political entity in northern Mexico, throws new light on the internal affairs of that country in a troubled era, and discusses its relationship with the U.S. Southern Confederacy.

This book is based on extensive research, mainly in primary sources. Unfortunately, it suffers from the weakness of many monographic works; the author is so immersed in his sources that he cannot see the larger historical picture. Consequently his generalizations are often weak or even inaccurate. For example, we are told that "the South would ease itself into the position of friendship formerly occupied by the United States." In view of the enmity which had existed for decades between the two nations such a statement is simply not true.

Students of the American West will nevertheless find this work valuable. Vidaurri recognized that the interests of northern Mexico were closer to Texas than to those of central Mexico. The Civil War brought trade opportunities and this commerce financed Vidaurri's army and enriched him, his family, and the merchants of Monterrey.

Warren A. Beck *teaches history at California State University, Fullerton. His most recent book is* An Historical Atlas of California *(University of Oklahoma).*

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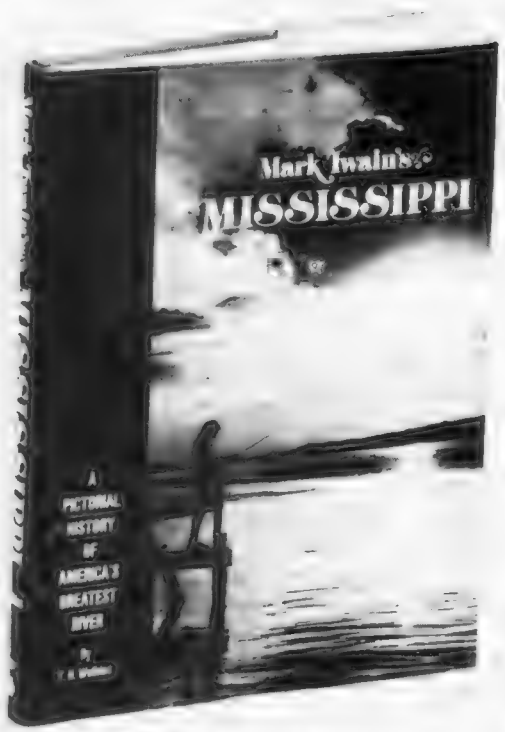

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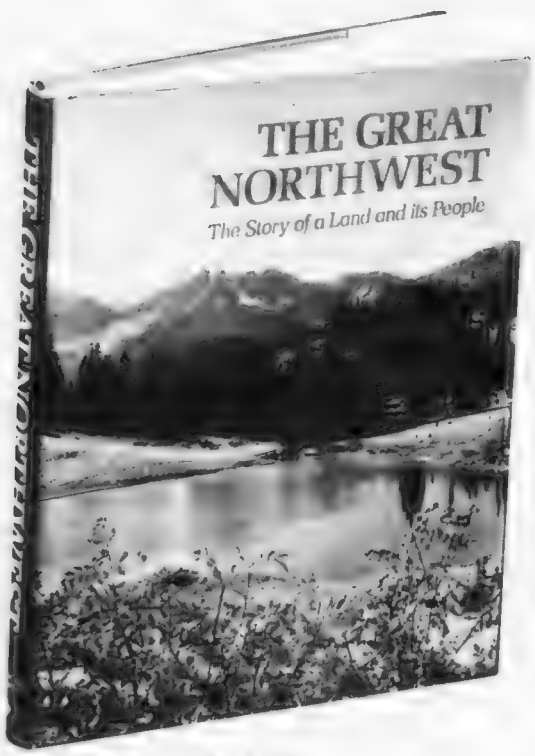

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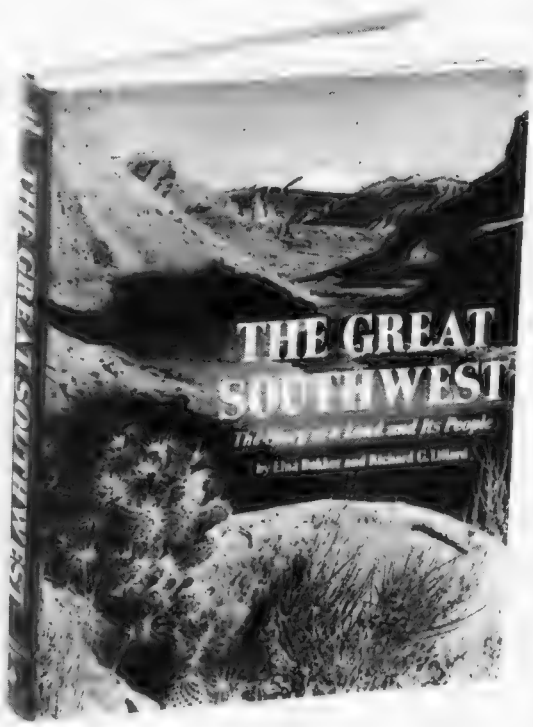

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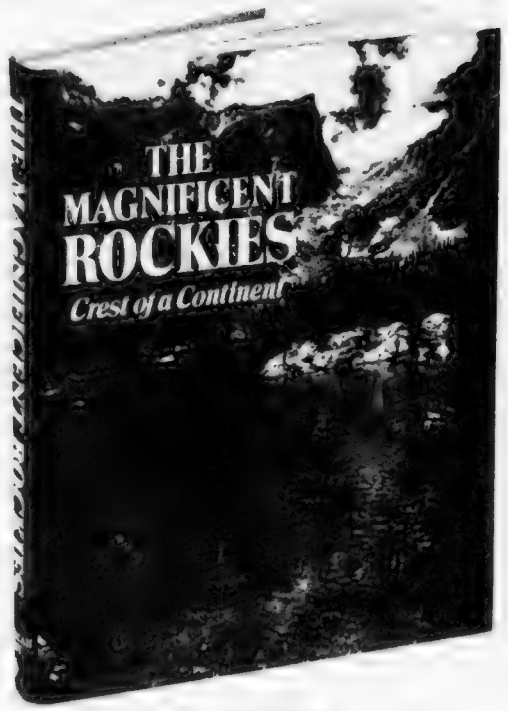

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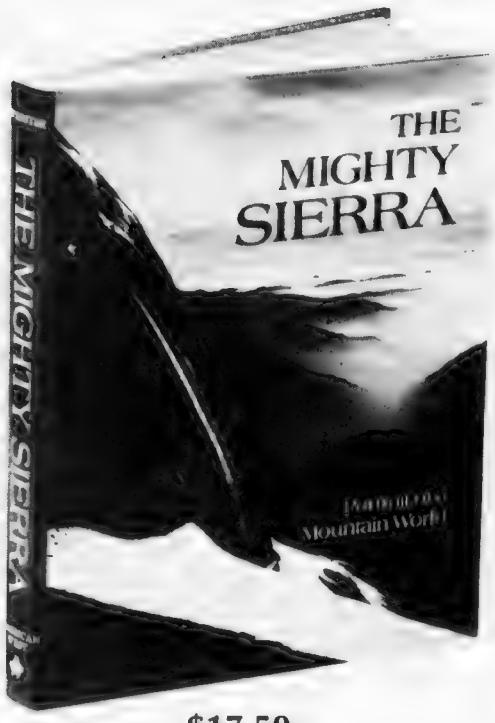

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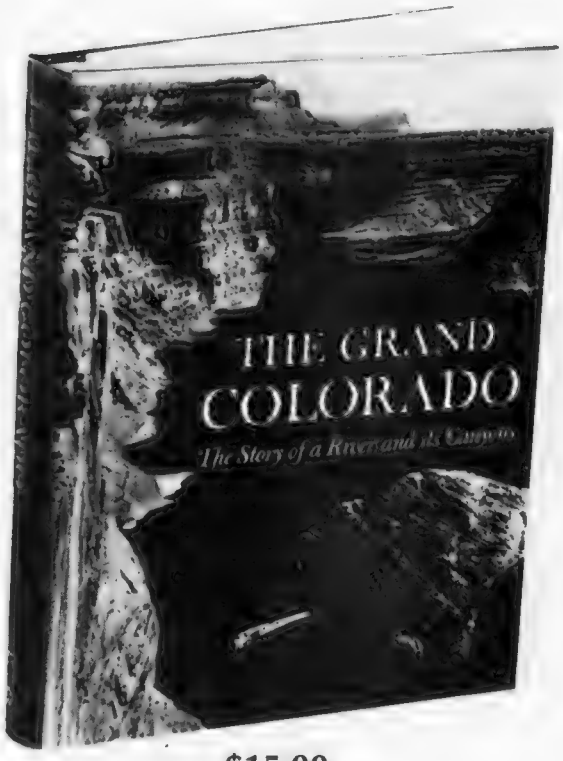

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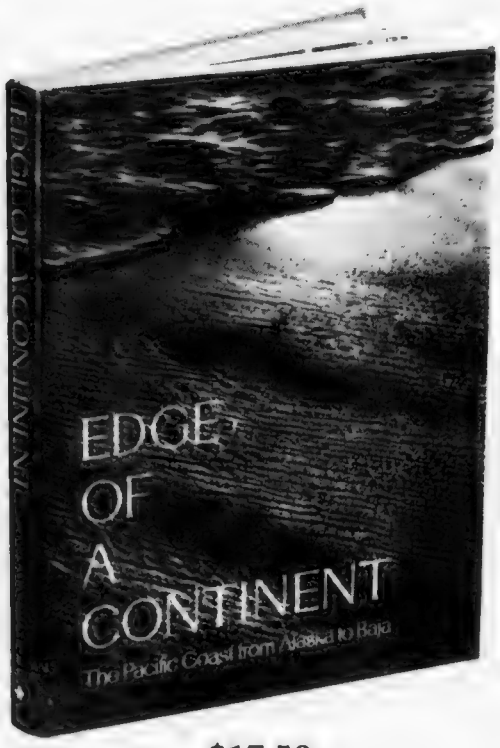

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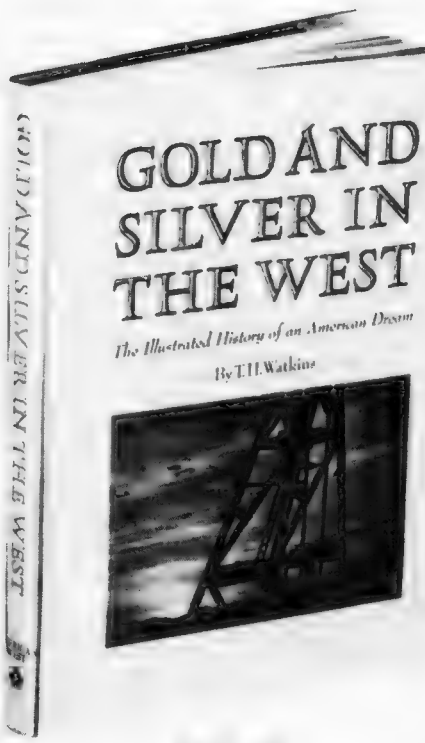

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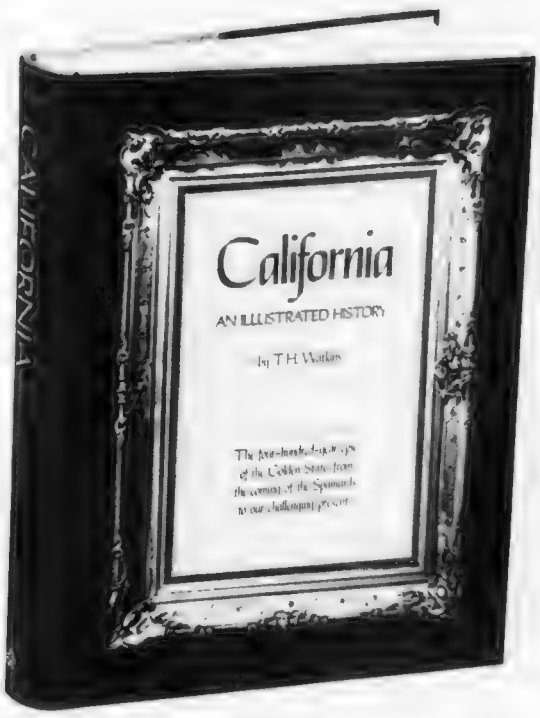

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Many Battles: The Autobiography of Ernest Gruening *(Liveright, New York, 1973; 564 pp., illus., index, $12.95).*

REVIEWED BY RICHARD T. RUETTEN

MANY WESTERNERS identify Ernest Gruening with Alaska without realizing that not until 1934, upon his appointment as director of the newly-created Division of Territories and Island Possessions, did he have any contact with Alaska or the American West. Born in New York City in 1887, the son of a prosperous physician, Gruening enjoyed all of the perquisites of the upper class. Educated primarily in private schools, he earned a M.D. at Harvard Medical School but chose never to practice. Instead he became a newsman and, over the next two decades served as managing editor of various eastern newspapers and twice as editor of the *Nation*. Courage and concern for the underdog, especially mistreated minorities, punctuated his journalistic and governmental careers.

Alaska was made to order for Gruening, for there he could continue his crusades. As territorial governor from 1939 to 1953, and as U.S. senator from 1959 to 1969, Gruening not only fought for equal treatment of Alaska's minorities—the Indians, Eskimos, and Aleuts—but also championed the rights of Alaskans against the powerful absentee interests who controlled many of Alaska's "seducible" legislators. While territorial governor, he also had to cope with a sluggish, sometimes indifferent, federal bureaucracy. Although Gruening ignores the parallel, Alaska's "colonial" status was also once typical of parts of the trans-Mississippi West. Indeed, there is irony here, for just as Seattle once battled the rule of the transcontinental railroads, so Alaska later struggled against the exploitative interests of Seattle.

Although written in measured tones, *Many Battles* is not a sanitized autobiography. Gruening criticizes military errors in Alaska during World War II, and reveals his disillusionment with Adlai Stevenson and Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes.

Richard T. Ruetten *is professor of history, California State University, San Diego, and coauthor of* Quest and Response: Minority Rights and the Truman Administration.

The Bone Hunters by Url Lanham *(Columbia University, New York, 1973; 285 pp., illus., biblio., index, $12.95).*

REVIEWED BY GEORGE W. BISHOP, JR.

THE BONE HUNTERS, Url Lanham's balanced account of the "golden age" of paleontology in the United States and the men who made it possible, is an interesting and valuable addition to literature. Libraries would be wise to keep several copies available for general reading.

For purposes of orientation the author provides us with general information on the geology of the West as well as with an overview of paleontology from the days of Thomas Jefferson. This accomplishment is one of the strong points of the book.

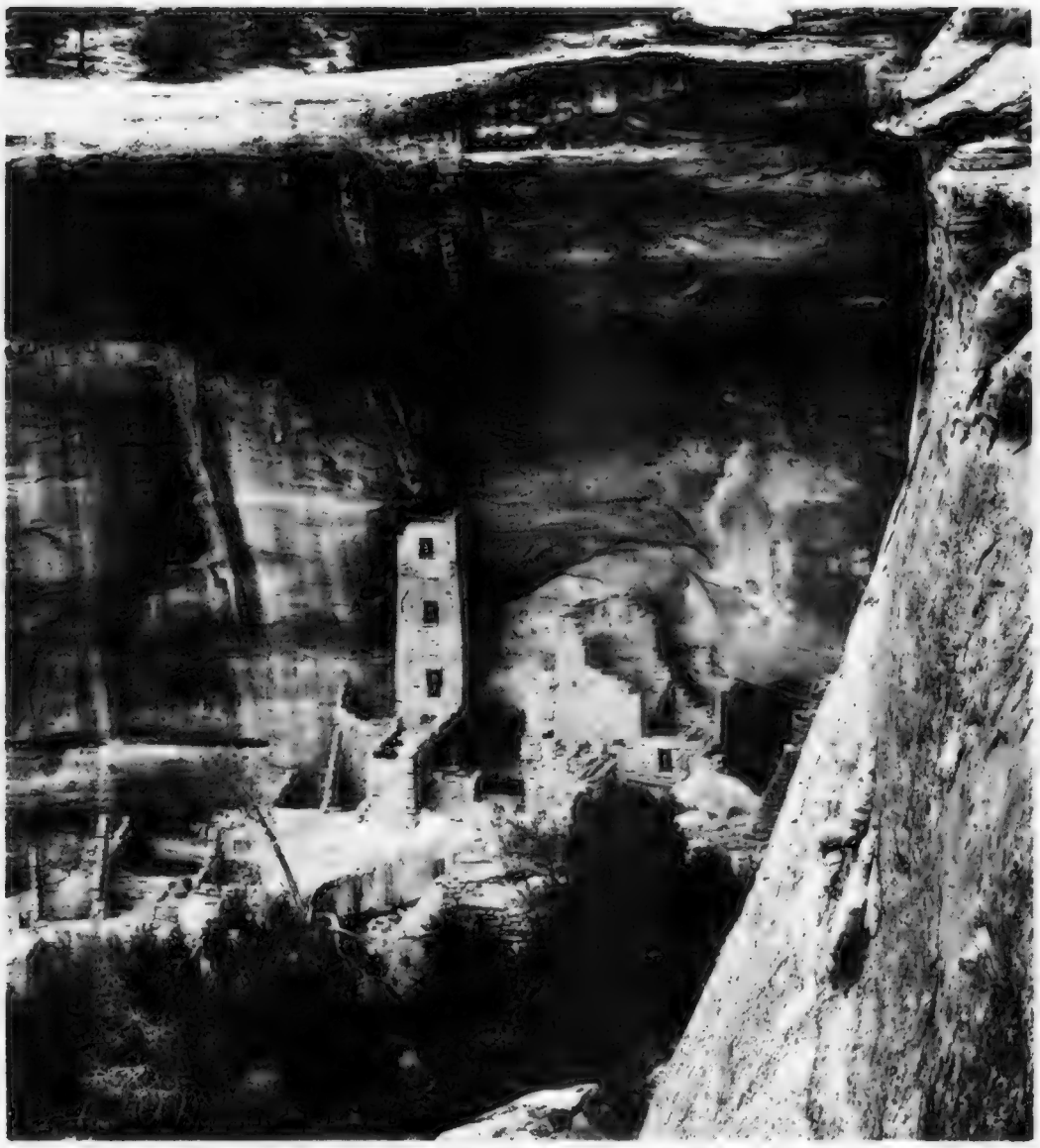
The participants in the drama leading to the discovery and reconstruction of dinosaurs, great leather-winged reptiles, and gigantic fishlike or turtlelike reptiles consisted of three classes. First, the scientists—Joseph Leidy, Othniel Charles Marsh, and Edward Drinker Cope. Second, the collectors who forwarded their finds to the scientists and who in most cases were in their employ. Third, the "administrator-scientists" — Clarence King, Ferdinand Hayden, and John Wesley Powell—who were equally at home in the halls of Congress or exploring in the field. From 1867 to 1879 these last-named men conducted government-sponsored surveys that did much to shape the expansion of the nation.

Lanham tells the fascinating story of all, including the great controversy between Cope and Marsh. Originally friends, their race to be the first to uncover and correctly identify fossils resulted in deep antagonism and heated feuds over collecting sites.

The definitive biography of Marsh, *O. C. Marsh: Pioneer in Paleontology* by Charles Schuchert and Clara Mae LeVene, and the standard work on Cope, *Cope: Master Naturalist* by Henry Fairfield Osborn are both out of print. Thus Lanham's well illustrated book fills a gap in the accessible literature.

George W. Bishop, Jr.—*professor and chairman of the Department of Finance at Northern Illinois University—is the author of* Charles H. Dow and the Dow Theory *and* Charles H. Dow: Economist.

American West Offers Anasazi Country Tour



Square Tower House, one of the magnificent ruins in Mesa Verde National Park.

SUCH GREAT INTEREST has been created by the announcement of American West's latest book, *Anasazi: Ancient People of the Rock,* that the publishers have planned an eight-day fall tour of the awe-inspiring ruins, covering portions of New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, and Colorado.

This will be an educational tour, led by an anthropologist knowledgeable in the Anasazi field. To supplement the daily guided visits to the ruins, there will be illustrated lectures every evening, some by guest lecturers with specialized knowledge about the region and its peoples.

Starting in Albuquerque on September 7, the trip will include visits to Bandelier National Monument, Chaco Canyon, Mesa Verde, Canyon de Chelly, and numerous other ruins, as well as to some of the pueblos still occupied by the probable descendants of these ancient peoples.

Cost of the tour, including all lodging, meals, transportation, lectures, and special fees, will be $475 per person (based on double occupancy of rooms).

To provide the maximum in comfort and enjoyment, the tour will be limited to thirty-five persons. Additional information and a complete itinerary is available by writing or telephoning Jean Newton, Tour Secretary, at the American West Publishing Company, 599 College Avenue, Palo Alto, California 94306; (415) 327-4660.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Ed Holm

The Ultimate Journey: Canada to Mexico Down the Continental Divide by Eric and Tim Ryback *(Chronicle Books, San Francisco, 1973; 208 pp., illus., maps, index, $7.95).*

In 1972 twenty-year-old Eric Ryback and his seventeen-year-old brother Tim undertook a 3,000-mile hike down the Continental Divide from Canada to Mexico, a feat never before accomplished. Although Tim was forced to give up after reaching Wyoming's Great Basin, his brother (who in 1970 had become the first person to walk the length of the 2,600-mile Pacific Crest Trail) continued on to complete the grueling five-month trek. The hikers' account of their "ultimate journey" is illustrated with color and black-and-white photographs.

Riding the Rails by Michael Mathers *(Gambit, Boston, 1973; 136 pp., illus., $9.95).*

Carrying camera and tape recorder along with his duffel, and patiently earning the confidence of railroad tramps and hoboes as they pursued their wanderlust ways, author-photographer Mathers has captured the bittersweet essence of a vanishing, legendary mode of life that bespeaks a mixture of freedom, comradeship, and loneliness.

A Season of Weathering by William A. Owens *(Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1973; 258 pp., $7.95).*

A remarkable and poignant autobiography of a young man's developing years in Texas during the hard times of the 1920s.

Independence in All Things, Neutrality in Nothing: The Story of a Pioneer Journalist of the American West by Elizabeth Wright *(Miller Freeman, San Francisco, 1973; limited edition, 255 pp., illus., appen., biblio., $10.00).*

This liberally-illustrated account presents the life story of newspaperman Legh Richmond Freeman, whose pioneer publishing endeavors have been called "the most fascinating in the annals of American journalism." Freeman's *Frontier Index*—a newspaper plant on wheels—kept pace with construction crews as they laid down the first transcontinental railroad during the late 1860s.

Texas in Revolt compiled by Jerry J. Gaddy with illustrations by J. Hefter *(Old Army Press, Fort Collins, Colo., 1973; 139 pp., illus., $10.00).*

The story of the Texas Revolution as reported in newspapers of the 1830s.

A Venture in History: The Production, Publication, and Sale of the Works of Hubert Howe Bancroft by Harry Clark *(University of California, Berkeley, 1973; 177 pp., illus., biblio., index, $8.00).*

This account provides the fascinating story behind creation of the popular thirty-nine-volume history of western North America issued between 1874 and 1892 by San Francisco publisher-bookseller-historian H. H. Bancroft. The disclosure that volumes published under Bancroft's name were in fact largely the work of anonymous hired assistants tarnished the reputation of both the series and publisher for a time, but today the *Works* are much valued as fundamental reference tools for historians.

John Steinbeck and Edward F. Ricketts: The Shaping of a Novelist by Richard Astro *(University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, 1973; 259 pp., illus., notes, index, $12.95).*

Monterey marine biologist Edward F. Ricketts was John Steinbeck's closest personal friend for nearly two decades and served as a real-life source for characters in six of the author's major works. Here Richard Astro defines the biologist's role in the development of Steinbeck's writing and philosophy.

MEN WHO DARED THE BIGHORN

(Continued from page 47)

and supplies for ten days. Embarking at the mouth of the Shoshone, they too found steering poles a help in maneuvering their craft.

When the brothers camped for two days at Bull Elk, they noted eerie noises—"a howl, beginning at high pitch and sweeping down into bass cleft." When they moved backwards a few steps "the howl reversed itself. We found the noise to be no more than the roar of the river, rising and falling like a siren." Here was more evidence that the old Indian superstitions about evil phantoms had a basis in reality.

The Forbes brothers, like those before them, found rapids of increasing violence as they progressed downstream, with a number occurring at quick succession at one point. After making a safe, though frightening, passage of that rough water, the two young men found the final, most precarious, test on the rapids below Black Canyon. Huge rocks narrowed the river, and a sidewise sweep of the current capsized the boat. But the lucky voyagers managed to right it again and were soon out of the chasm.

In the early 1900s Dr. G. W. Barry of New York founded Cedarvale, a dude ranch, near the mouth of Trail Creek, which empties into the Bighorn at what soon became known as Barry's Landing. Dr. Barry built several engine-powered wooden boats for use on the Bighorn. As an enticing adventure he offered his guests boat trips through the length of the canyon and on to the Custer Battlefield. How many took that dangerous trip is unknown.

Dr. Barry described a trip he took through the canyon in one of his motorboats in 1913, detailing all the maneuverings necessary for making a safe passage through the rapids. He

declared that all previous attempts to pass through the canyon by boat or raft had met with disaster. Here was one more claim as first. It was disputed by still another claim, that of Alton Wickwire, of Hyattville, Wyoming, who is said to have gone through the canyon by boat in 1912.

By 1913 there had been several known disasters in the canyon, and probably some unknown ones as well. Just past the Bull Elk rapids a large isolated rock was given the name Allen's Rock because the Allen party of Billings had met disaster there. Similarly, the last whirlpool of the canyon was called the Homburg whirlpool for two German boys who lost their lives in an attempt to make passage. And there are reports that in 1915 five persons died in the rapids.

No doubt there were unrecorded trips through the canyon in those following decades. In the twenties E. C. Huntington and Charles McEachron of Basin made it through but frankly admitted that they had no desire to try it again.

In August 1928, Charles E. Belden, a nationally-famous photographer, organized a party to probe the wonders of the Bighorn Canyon. The express purpose of this expedition was to take pictures so that others could appreciate the exceptional marvels of the region. With Belden were Carl Dunrud, Alton Wickwire, and Judge Percy W. Metz. Their boat was an eighteen-foot skiff with a five-foot beam, which they christened "The Spirit of the Pitchfork." As an experiment they also took along a pneumatic boat, aptly called the "Hell Diver," as Judge Metz, who volunteered to man this craft, could testify after the voyage.

It was a hazardous journey. The party shot all of the rapids and made exploratory trips up the canyons of many tributaries, traveling 225 miles in all. By their count there were fourteen very bad rapids, some of them a quarter of a mile long, and twenty lesser ones. Huge submerged rocks added to the treachery of the current. In his "non-sinkable mudhen" Judge Metz took the lead, warning the trailing boat of rocks to avoid. Often huge waves broke over the skiff, and at the mouth of Black Canyon the pneumatic boat performed a loop-the-loop, depositing the judge in the stream. The boatmen were, he said, "all wet all the time."

During the eleven-day adventure Belden took numerous still pictures and exposed two thousand feet of motion picture film. For the first time it was possible for others besides intrepid adventurers to view the wonders of the Bighorn Canyon —the land, it was said, that time forgot.

BUT BY MID-CENTURY, the Bighorn River was feeling man's power over natural forces. Boysen Dam had been built at Wind River Canyon, other reservoirs constructed, and more water diverted from the Bighorn drainage system for irrigation. Much of the year a reduced volume of water poured through the cleft in the mountain.

In the 1950s William D. Greene, after a number of trips down the canyon in an outboard motorboat, devised a shallow-draft boat driven by an airplane propeller, thus eliminating many of the problems and dangers inherent to outboard motor use in rough water. After 1956 Greene began taking parties of sightseers into the canyon in his airboats. A day's leisurely trip could take a group to Devils Canyon or on to Barry's Landing, in boats so safe that "even the most timid can relax in comfort." Greene called the canyon "the final stronghold of the primitive area."

But already plans had been formulated for a dam at the lower end of the canyon. Realizing that the area would soon be inundated, the Smithsonian Institution, in cooperation with the National Park Service, came to the area to learn what they could of life there in ages past. Between 1962 and 1964 the Smithsonian expeditions located eighty-one sites rich in archaeological possibilities. Forty-five of these lay at or below what would be the maximum pool elevation after the filling of the reservoir. Several sites were excavated, with work being concentrated at Barry's Landing, Devils Canyon, and Bottleneck Cave at the canyon entrance.

This work proved the existence of man in the area as long as eight to ten thousand years ago, as well as showing that the canyon had been inhabited, in a transitory way, by tribes of the historic period. Although the Crows and Sioux evidently avoided the area because of superstitions, the archaeologists discovered evidence that even after the coming of the white man Indians had camped in certain areas. Rock shelters, open campsites, and fire pits all yielded an abundance of artifacts, with each stratum pointing to a different period of occupation.

Unfortunately, the investigations had time to disclose only a fragmentary cross-section of the record of history in the mighty gorge. Now many of the archaeological, geological, and historic clues to the history of the river are submerged beneath the deep waters of Bighorn Lake.

Yellowtail Dam, named for Chief Yellowtail of the Crow tribe, was completed by the Bureau of Reclamation in 1965. Now the eerie voices are silenced, the thundering waters stilled. The wild river has been tamed—useful at last for irrigation, for electrical power, for flood control. And seventy-one miles of placid blue water are available for the boatman, whether he be fisherman, photographer, geologist, or historian.

But to the last the beautiful, mysterious river wielded the strange power felt by the Indians. The lake's first name, Yellowtail Reservoir, was changed at the request of the Crow Indians. They have a legend that tells of an Indian boy who, as a test of manhood, hung suspended over the side of a cliff in the canyon. Finally he was rescued by a bighorn sheep who told him that the area must be known as "Big Horn" or the Crow tribe would lose their lands forever.

So today Bighorn Lake, of Bighorn Canyon, is forced by human technology to welcome man at last. She is harnessed now, and though still awesome and spectacular, she can no longer test the temper of man.

Vera D. Saban *is a retired schoolteacher whose ranch home is located on the western slope of Wyoming's Big Horn Mountains. She has written a number of magazine articles documenting the history of the region.*

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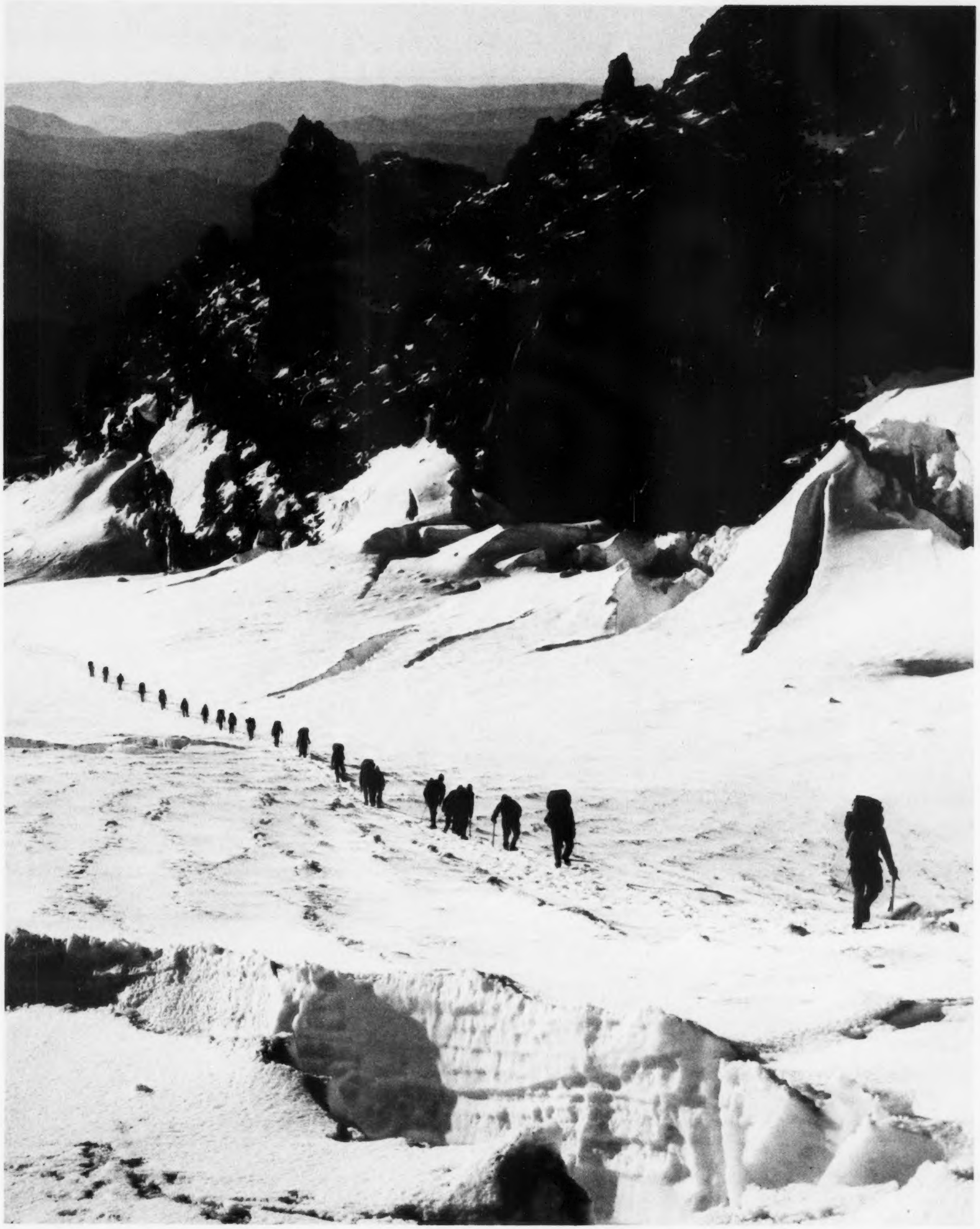
Forthcoming in THE AMERICAN WEST

Extensive forest fires still occur today, but only during the Great Idaho Fire of 1910 did smoke color skies from Atlantic to Pacific. In **America's Greatest Holocaust** James Bradley describes the two-day inferno that swept across three million acres of Northwest timberlands, resulting in a public outcry that revolutionized forest conservation policies in America.

The occupation dates of Pueblo Benito and Mesa Verde once posed a puzzling riddle to archaeologists. Daphne Overstreet tells how Southwest explorer-astronomer-judge **A. E. Douglass** hunted for aged wood among the Hopi Indians to solve the mystery and establish dendrochronology as a valid science.

For twenty-five-year-old John Whiteclay Chambers, adventure in 1901 meant Nome, Alaska. In **Under Steam For the Gold Rush,** John Whiteclay Chambers II shares his great-uncle's impressions of his turn-of-the-century voyage to the far North. Adventure also spiced the life of California novelist Gertrude Atherton, whose colorful story is related by Elinor Richey in **The Flappers Were Her Daughters.**



As majestic as when first conquered more than a century ago, 14,410-foot Mount Rainier remains one of the Northwest's most popular climbing attractions: in 1973 park rangers recorded 2,619 ascents. Here a large party climbs Ingraham Glacier en route to the summit. Photograph by Keith Gunnar.